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THE ECLECTIC.

I.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.*

A LIFE of Christopher North at last—and a very genuine life too, in which the reader is translated to the very presence of the man—a man whom the reader wishes to know, a man, who, in our instance, so mingles together our affections and our prejudices, that we do not very well know which has the mastery in us ; poet and pugilist, Professor of Moral Philosophy, and racketing roisterer of the world-renowned 'Noctes ;' the author of torrents of every imaginable kind of abuse and insolence upon all free institutions and every kind of social progress, and the writer of that most touching idyl, the 'Pastor's Death-bed,' and the 'Trials of Margaret Lindsey.' To him we owe the most tender, truthful, and eloquent expositions of Wordsworth, in a day when Wordsworth's genius was only just emerging into notice—only, however, to be greeted with derision and contempt. To him we owe some of the clearest and finest criticisms upon the masters of metaphysical science, and the laws of consciousness, and upon Homer and the Greek poets. To him also we owe every rabid glorification of Toryism and literary follies, which on more than one occasion would, had their influence been a little more extended, have kindled, as they did their best to kindle, a revolution in the land. He was the best human impersonation we have ever known of the great god Pan—a vast, huge, strong, tender-hearted animal, with great capacities, we should say also, for cruelties in him,—inheriting to the full the genius and the disposition of his maternal ancestor Claverhouse—a

* *Christopher North. A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.* Compiled from Family Papers and other Sources, by his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Two Volumes. Edinburgh : Edmonston & Douglas.

creature all passion, a mythic man, making some of those wild creations of fiction possible. There is nothing in him or in his life that stirs again great depths within the soul. We have no disposition to be too microscopic in our analysis or minute in our dissection; that is not the way in which this being is to be tried. He is an unrealizable Proteus; we should as soon think of estimating the beauty of a rainbow by a discourse on optics, or filling the soul with the glory and the loveliness of a mountain lake by an analysis of its waters. Thus no how at all can Christopher be made to sit for a model; he will not cut up into a nice pattern; he is admirably inimitable. Most biographies when we lay them down suggest some lesson; we are able to say, we should like to be like that; we are able to point to some circumstance in the life, and say to those who would listen to us, be like that. We mean no disrespect to the subject of this memoir when we say, that even after all the affectionate memorialising of his daughter, Wilson produces no such impression upon us. He was a man open to all the wild, free impulses of nature—a thing for winds and passions and griefs and joys to play with—a sanguine, radiant man. Everywhere from childhood to old age nothing seems to have had the power to hurt him very much, unless we make the one exception, the death of his wife. He was a creature, we have said, all sensation, with language to match. This is simply his character. Later in life sometimes thought seems to have thrown a spell upon him, but only occasionally; his thoughts were all sensations; piety, and poetry, and politics alike, were all matters of mere sentiment with him. His principles were sentiments, not sickly, not valetudinarian, but still all with him; the texture of all that he did, and for the most part all that he wrote, belonged to the order of things inspired by the blood, flashing off in passing humours and soon forgotten; not to the firm, calm things, which root themselves in the eternal consistencies of truth. He has often seemed to us a good substantial Shelley, beef eating and beer drinking, and hailing from the Christian side of truth indeed, but with just as little substance, just as chameleon-like, and capable of evaporating into just such a thin and aerial shade.

John Wilson was born the 18th of May, 1785, in a dingy court at the head of the High Street, in the town of Paisley. The house is still called Wilson's Hall, and is now used as a lecture room for the artisans of that good old town. Soon after the birth of this, their first son but fourth child, his father and mother removed to their family residence, a stately building close by, with large gardens and an imposing entrance, surrounded too by all the delightful rural things which have so impressed them-

selves upon the poet's heart and upon his pages. His father was a rich gauze manufacturer. From his mother Wilson seems to have derived his nature and his prejudices too ; she is described as a lady of rare wit and humour, wisdom and grace—descended too, as we have intimated, from the great Marquis of Montrose, and from her the distinguished personal beauty and dignity of her sons and daughters seems to have been inherited. There are interesting glimpses given to us of the early days, the childhood, and the schoolboy times of the future Christopher. The first essays in the more considerable walks of education were made in 'the dear parish of Mearns,' as he calls it, under the tutorship of the Rev. George M'Latchie ; this is the place to which he so touchingly alludes in the 'May Day.'

'Art thou beautiful, as of old, O wild, moorland, sylvan, and pastoral Parish ! the Paradise in which our spirit dwelt beneath the glorious dawning of life—can it be, beloved world of boyhood, that thou art indeed beautiful as of old ? Though round and round thy boundaries in half an hour could fly the flapping dove—though the martins, wheeling to and fro that ivied and wall-flowered ruin of a Castle, central in its own domain, seem in their more distant flight to glance their crescent wings over a vale rejoicing apart in another kirk-spire, yet how rich in streams, and rivulets, and rills, each with its own peculiar murmur—art thou with thy bold bleak exposure, sloping upwards in ever lustrous undulations to the portals of the East ! How endless the interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells, and broomy nooks, without number, among thy banks and braes ! And then of human dwellings—how rises the smoke, ever and anon, into the sky, all neighbouring on each other, so that the cock-crow is heard from homestead to homestead ; while as you wander onwards each roof still rises unexpectedly—and as solitary as if it had been far remote. Fairest of Scotland's thousand parishes—neither Highland nor Lowland, but undulating—let us again use the descriptive word—like the sea in sunset after a day of storms—yes, Heaven's blessing be upon thee ! Thou art indeed beautiful as of old !'

The region in which his first lessons were received is well described as the wild, sylvan, moorland, pastoral parish of Mearns ; in its happy manse he was laying the foundation of his character. He says truly, 'The foundations are dug and laid in boyhood of all the knowledge and the feelings of our prime ; the soul afterwards perfects her palace, building tier on tier of all imaginable orders of architecture, till the shadowy roof, gleaming with golden cupolas like the cloud region of the sun, set the heavens ablaze.' He has interwoven in the recreations of Christopher North many stories of early adventures ; he recites in later years these things like the wild sagas of childhood. He left the

manse to prosecute his studies in Glasgow University, immediately after the death of his father in 1797-8. He attended the classes there until 1803. His life seems to have been orderly—regular in some particulars, punctiliously regular, but divided between pleasure on the one hand, and attention to the business of the classes, and indeed the business seems to have been attended to with real energy. His diary exhibits irregular traces of the man. Very different are the following illustrations—

‘Even a simple walk with a friend finds him wearied with anything like delay: “Walked to Paisley with Andrew Napier; tried him a race; ran three miles on the Paisley road for a wager against a *chaise*, along with Andrew Napier; beat them *both*.” Another exploit of a similar nature, at a somewhat later date, is related by a friend who was present on the occasion:—

“He gained a bet by walking *toe and heel* three miles out and back (six miles in all) on the road to Renfrew, from the *shedding* of the roads to Renfrew and Paisley, in two minutes *within* the hour. I accompanied him on foot (but not under the restriction of *toe and heel*), and Willy Dunlop on horseback, to see that it was fairly won.”

But even in holiday time he set himself to work—

“June 4th.—Finished my *poem* on Slavery.

“7th.—Began an essay on the Faculty of Imagination.

“August 17th.—Finished the first volume of Laing’s ‘History of Scotland.’

“August 30th.—Made considerable progress in my essay upon Imagination; finished the second division of my exercise.

“31st.—Stayed at home all day; wrote on account of the Massacre of Glencoe.

“September 19th.—Stayed at home all day, and wrote an essay upon the Stoical Philosophy.”

And at this time also, about 1801-2, he became possessed not merely of the lyrical ballads of Wordsworth, but, by the genius that great teacher, he yielded himself to the enchantment of those poems then so singularly fresh, and in a letter remarkable indeed for a youth, he expressed his admiration and gratitude to the illustrious poet then just commencing his distinguished career of thought and inspiration.

The next period of life is from 1803 to 1808, and is spent for the most part in Oxford. At this period the young man was possessed of a fortune of £50,000, unencumbered. In the famous old university he led a life no doubt of pleasure; he was a young man, and a wealthy young man, but his studies at Magdalen College were marked by the same attention to order which had regulated his daily course at Glasgow; a poet, a

pedestrian, and a pugilist, these seem the most prominent characteristics of the young man. 'He enjoyed,' says De Quincey, 'unlimited favour down through an infinite gamut of friends and associates, running through every key, the diapason closing full in groom, cobbler, and stable boy.' He had also his most intimate among those of a widely different character, among whom we notice Reginald Heber. He started off on long pedestrian wanderings through Wales, Ireland, the Lake district, the south of England, and the Highlands. Stories have been long told of his adventures with Gipsies, and wanderings with their wild tribes, as well as with strolling players; in the biography before us some of the more wild of these are contradicted as mere romance, but no doubt his life was a wild and adventurous tale. In those days he kept no record of his journeys, and all that can be gleaned is an incidental allusion in his works, such as the following:—

"*The Tipperary shillelaghs came tumbling about his nob as thick as grass.*" This is a sweet pastoral image, which we ourselves once heard employed by a very delicate and modest young woman in a cottage near Limerick, when speaking of the cudgels in an affray. A broken head is in Ireland always spoken of in terms of endearment; much of the same tender feeling is naturally transferred to the shillelagh that inflicted it. "God bless your honour!" said the same gentle creature to us, while casting an affectionate look of admiration on our walking-stick. "*You would give a swate blow with it.*"—*Blackwood*, vol. v., p. 667.

A thoroughly queer fellow, and our wonder is that 'many-towered and maternal Oxford' did not expel the splendid youth from her bosom; he entered, indeed, as gentleman-commoner of Magdalen, and he says the genius of the place fell upon him. His youthful spirit, delighted and awed, listened to the pealing organ in that chapel called The Beautiful. 'We see again,' said he late in life, 'the saints on the stained windows; at the altar the picture of One on Calvary meekly bearing the cross; the Greek tongue—multitudinous as the sea—kept like the sea sounding in our ears through the stillness of that world of towers and temples.' Very fine! Oxford had another genius which haunted him—the genius presiding over the wrestlers, the boxers, and the cock-fighters, and his daughter, in the volumes before us does not seem to think that there was anything very reprehensible in the cock-pit or the prize-ring. Here is an interesting glimpse of the young student:—

'One anecdote may suffice in illustration of this subject, having, I believe, the merit of being true. Meeting one day with a rough

and unruly wayfarer, who showed inclination to pick a quarrel, concerning right of passage across a certain bridge, the fellow obstructed the way, and making himself decidedly obnoxious, Wilson lost all patience, and offered to fight him. The man made no objection to the proposal, but replied that he had better not fight with *him*, as he was so and so, mentioning the name of a (then not unknown) pugilist. This statement had, as may be supposed, no effect in damping the belligerent intentions of the Oxonian; he knew his own strength, and his skill too. In one moment off went his coat, and he set to upon his antagonist in splendid style. The astonished and *punished* rival, on recovering from his blows and surprise, accosted him thus: "You can only be one of the two; you are either Jack Wilson or the Devil." This encounter, no doubt, led, for a short time, to fraternity and equality over a pot of porter.

He was the strongest and most athletic and active man of the whole University, in all sorts of disturbances and uproars. We read of his pouring a flood of words over a proctor, and driving him away by repeating with imperturbable gravity nearly the whole of Pope's 'Essay on Man.' He took up among his other accomplishments the learning the French horn, and practised upon that soft wind instrument during the whole night in his chambers. Being a Master of Arts he was not subject to college discipline, and might, if he had wished, have accompanied his horn with a big drum. One of his fellow-students of those days gives some pleasant little glints of light about him. Glimpse first:—

'The established rule of our common room was, that no one should appear there without being in full evening dress; non-compliance involved a fine of one guinea, which Wilson had more than once incurred and paid. Having one day come in in his morning garb, and paid down the fine, he asked, "What then do you consider dress?" "Silk stockings," &c., &c., was the answer. The next day came Wilson, looking very well satisfied with himself and with us all; now, he cried, "All is right, I hope to have no more fines to pay; you see I have complied with the rules," pointing to his silk stockings, which he had very carefully *drawn over* the coarse woollen walking stockings which he wore usually; his strong shoes he still retained!'

Glimpse second:—

'One of his great amusements was to go to the "Angel Inn," about midnight, when many of the up and down London coaches met; there he used to preside at the passengers' supper-table, carving for them, inquiring all about their respective journeys, why and wherefore they were made, who they were, &c.; and in return, astonishing them with his wit and pleasantry, and sending them off wondering *who and what HE could be!* He frequently went from

the "Angel" to the "Fox and Goose," an early "purl and gill" house, where he found the coachman and guards, &c., preparing for the coaches which had left London late at night; and there he found an audience, and sometimes remained till the college-gates were opened, rather (I believe) than rouse the old porter, Peter, from his bed to open for him expressly. It must not be supposed that in these strange meetings he indulged in *intemperance*: no such thing; he went to such places, I am convinced, to study character, in which they abounded. I never saw him show the slightest appearance even of drink, notwithstanding our wine-drinking, suppers, punch, and smoking in the common room, to very late hours.'

Glimpse third:—

'His pedestrian feats were marvellous. On one occasion, having been absent a day or two, we asked him on his return to the common room, where he had been. He said in London. "When did you return?" "This morning." "How did you come?" "On foot." As we all expressed surprise, he said: "Why, the fact is, I dined yesterday with a friend in Grosvenor (I think it was) Square, and as I quitted the house, a fellow who was passing was impertinent, and insulted me, upon which I knocked him down; and as I did not choose to have myself called in question for a street row, I at once started as I was, in my dinner-dress, and never stopped until I got to the College gate this morning as it was being opened." Now this was a walk of fifty-eight miles at least, which he must have got over in eight or nine hours at most, supposing him to have left the dinner-party at nine in the evening.'

Such was the young student—a kind of incarnate *Saturday Review*—a representative ideal of what in the slang of certain people is called Muscular Christianity.

The young man studied in another university—one in which men never study without taking a degree in life—the university of disappointed love; this opens a chapter in his life, to him, most sad and serious, and his biographer has very tenderly drawn the veil from his overwhelmed heart. The reader turns back and looks at the photograph of the man in his age; the bald brow, the hair wild but scant, the shrewd knit eyebrows, and all the careless ruggedness of the man; and then the eye comes back with a renewed interest and affectionateness to the story of 'Margaret,' and the young man's wild beating heart; it was an old Glasgow friendship that had grown into immeasurable love. There seems to have been no reason why the affection should not have been a serious and life-long one; no reason save some family envies and prejudices. 'Since I came here' he writes to Margaret, 'I have tried to read a great deal; but all won't do, my mind is ill at ease. Once, when I was unhappy, I

had only to step across the street, hear your voice, see your face, and take hold of your hand, and for a time I forgot all my sorrow. This now I cannot do. At night I sit in a lonely room, nobody within many miles of me I love, left to my own meditations and the power of darkness, which I have long detested.' The story is very universal. We read these lines—fifty years and more have gone along. We soon cease to hear any more of Margaret. Where is she now? Where is the ardent lover now? He writes:—

“As long as there is a moon or stars in the firmament will I remember you; and when I look on either, the recollection of Dychmont Hill, the house, the trees, the wooden seat, which I am grieved is away, will enter my mind, and make me live over again the happiest period of my existence. Last night I was in heaven. I dreamed that I was sitting in the drawing-room at College Buildings with you alone, as I have often done. The room was dark, the window-shutters close; the fire was little, and just twinkling. I had my feet upon the fender; you were sitting in the arm-chair; I was beside you; your hand was in mine; we were speaking of my going to Oxford; you were promising to write me; I was sad, but happy; somebody opened the door, and I awoke alone and miserable.”

He was probably not faithless to his word. Emotions and states pass away, but their power abides. Margaret was an orphan maid, most likely with very few possessions. She seems to have married some time after a last meeting, when ‘they caught up the whole of love, and uttered it, and bade adieu for ever.’ Then the young man’s heart seems almost breaking, he thinks of accompanying Mungo Park to the interior of Africa, from which Margaret dissuades him; he plunges through wild scenes of folly, as was, alas! all too natural for such a youth in such a time. In the midst of this tempest of the soul, with great honour he took his Bachelor Degree. It was in deference to his mother that he cut himself off from his great happiness and hope; of course, his soul was in a wild tempest for a time, but that affection filtered the waters of his life, as a happy and successful marriage with Margaret would most likely not have done. Wilson never settled down into a very tranquil and orderly being. He continued through life to have his strange fits, and eccentric wanderings and moods, but from the disappointment, or rather, after the first turbulence of his sorrows, the biography does reveal another man.

After the completion of his university course, and the disastrous close of his love passages, Wilson fixed his residence at Elleray, on the banks of Windermere. Travellers still pass

by the cottage, his residence in which principally gave to him his place among the Lake poets. Here his life was that of a wanderer, but not an idler. He cultivated more distinctly the faculties of the poet, and published while here his first lengthy poem, 'The Isle of Palms;' but the fame of the chief writer of 'Blackwood' far eclipses the fame of the poet. It is not as a poet, but as a writer of rich scenic poetic prose, that Wilson is known. In this department he is almost unrivalled; his verse is pretty rather than powerful, and when Dr. Blair expresses his wonder that he has not attained to greater fame, and mentions 'the flood of eloquence possessed by him, which not one of the poets who have lived in his day had or has,' he in fact pointed to one of the reasons for his failure in the higher department of letters. Exuberance is the quality demanded usually in the orator, and most essential to a writer of the order of Christopher North, but intensity is the quality most needed in the poet—moral intensity, intensity of feeling, producing intensity of vision. The rhythm of Wilson is very soft and smooth, the pictures are frequently most delightful; the verses flow like a calm sweet river, but the waters of the river never flash; they do not even sparkle, they do not dash the spray in your face; very different to the prose, both in the 'Noctes' and the 'Recreations.' Most of the verses, too, have a lisp of sentiment. A hand of power does not seem to guide the pen; there is little at all that sets them apart from ordinary verses; of course there are exceptions to this, but seldom, we believe, have the poems of so truly powerful a man been so destitute of power. His prose rolls, beats, heaves, and swells; it babbles and ripples in its many toned course; it is flowing, it is beautiful; it perhaps seldom has the tramp and the march of majesty; it is not sonorous; utterances speak rather to the eye than to the ear; it is full of colour and full of life. It will always be a pleasure to turn to these charming pictures. While, we suppose, the verses are seldom read, have not been much read, and will be less, they are characterized by a feeble correctness; and while they certainly deal with the magnificent imagery of nature for the most part among the mountains, they remind us only of bold scenery beheld through an inverted telescope reducing a magnificent scene to smaller dimensions, rather than through a powerful lens to bring near to the eye.

We have said Wilson built his nest on the banks of the Windermere—and a beautiful nest he built; from his cottage windows he could always see the lofty peaks of Langdale Pikes in the dark shadows of evening, or glittering beneath the noonday sun. There in that neighbourhood he was able to cultivate the society of the remarkable men who had also fixed their homes

in that region : Wordsworth at Rydal, Southey and Coleridge at Keswick, Bishop Watson at Calgarth, the Rev. Mr. Fleming at Rayrig. These companions made excursions together into the almost unpenetrated solitudes of the hills, and one of the most pleasing of all Wilson's poems is the 'Angler's Tent,' describing an excursion of that kind in those days into the seclusions of Eskdale. Wilson gave his affections to those mountain scenes. We have seen that he was rich, and upon the waters of Windermere he kept a little fleet of vessels ; in fact, we see many traces of the old Oxford life lingering here. Mr. Waugh, in his 'Rambles in the Lake Country,' gives a characteristic specimen from the tongue of a genuine old laker of Wastdale Head, William Ritson :—

"I was most interested," says the writer, "in Ritson's anecdotes of famous men who visited Wastdale. He had wandered many a day with Professor Wilson, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and others. Ritson had been a famous wrestler in his youth, and had won many a country belt in Cumberland. He once wrestled with Wilson, and threw him twice out of three falls. But he owned the Professor was 'a varra bad un to lick.' Wilson beat him at jumping. He could jump twelve yards in three jumps, with a great stone in each hand. Ritson could only manage eleven and three quarters. 'T' first time 'at Professor Wilson cam to Wastd'le Head,' said Ritson, 'he hed a tent set up in a field, an' he gat it weel stock't wi' bread, an' beef, an' cheese, an' rum, an' ale, an' sic like. Then he gedder't up my grandfather, an' Thomas Tyson, an' Isaac Fletcher, an' Joseph Stable, an' aad Robert Grave, an' some mair, an' there was gay deed amang 'em. Then, nowt would sarra, bud he mun hev a boat, an' they mun all hev a sail. Well, when they gat into t' boat, he tell't un to be particklar careful, for he was liable to get giddy in t' head, an' if yan of his giddy fits sud chance to cum on, he mud happen tumble into t' watter. Well, that pleased 'em all gaily weel, an' they said they'd tak varra girt care on him. Then he leaned back an' called oot that they mun pull quicker. So they did, and what does Wilson do then but topples ower eb'm ov his back i' t' water with a splash. Then there was a girt cry—"Eh, Mr. Wilson i' t' watter!" an' yan elick't, an' anudder elick't, but nean o' them could get hod on him, an' there was sic a scrowe as nivver. At last, yan o' them gat him round t' neck, as he popped up at teal o' t' boat, an' Wilson taad him to kep a good hod, for he mud happen slip him ageàn. But what, it was nowt but yan ov his bit o' pranks, he was snurkin' an laughin' all t' time. Wilson was a fine, gay, girt-hearted fellow, as strang as a lion, an' as lish as a trout, and he hed sic antics as nivver man hed. Whativver he sed tull him ye'd get yowr change back for it gaily soon. . . . Aa remember, there was a "Murry Neet" at Wastd'le Head that varra time, an' Wilson an' t' aad parson was there amang t' rest. When they'd gotten a bit on, Wilson med a

sang about t' parson. He med it reight off o' t' stick end. He began wi' t' parson first, then he gat to t' Pope, an' then he turned it to t' devil, an' sic like, till he had 'em fallin' off their cheers wi' fun. T' parson was quite astonished, an' rayder vext an' all, but at last he burst oot laughin' wi' t' rest. He was like. Naabody could stand it. . . . T' seàm neet there was yan o' their wives come to fetch her husband heàm, and she was rayder ower strang i' t' tung wi' him afore t' heàl comp'ny. Well, he took it all i' good pairt, but as he went away he shouted oot t' aad minister, "'Od dang ye, parson, it wor ye at teed us two tegidder!" . . . It was a life an' murth amang us, as lang as Professor Wilson was at Wastd'le Head.'"

On the 11th of May, 1811, Wilson married Miss Jane Penny; but marriage did not immediately tame the young man down. He and his young wife started off even three or four years after, in 1815, from Edinburgh for a pedestrian tour through the western Highlands. Many singular adventures they had, and the singular excursion made a sensation in the demure circles of the Edinburgh of that day. It was about the same period Wilson's circumstances underwent a great reverse, he lost his fortune; and instead now of a life of mere leisurely poetic idling and dreaming, he had to betake himself to the real business of maintaining his family. Of course, he was all that can be understood by a man; noble, brave, high-hearted, and high-minded; and he set his face firmly to meet the new conditions of life which his lot imposed. He removed to Edinburgh, and thought of practising at the Scottish bar. It is very remarkable that his first distinct connection with the periodical press was a contribution to the 'Edinburgh Review,' to whose political and literary canons 'Blackwood's' was soon to be so imposing and important a rival. His connection with 'Blackwood's Magazine' dates from October, 1817, and from the commencement it became evident that a new power had appeared, not only in Edinburgh, but in the world of letters. We cannot feel much respect for those first efforts. 'The Chaldee Manuscript' seems to us most unjustifiable ribaldry; and while the personalities were disgraceful, the attacks upon Coleridge and Wordsworth seem to be most dishonest and treacherous. From the biography we do now, however, understand distinctly, for the first time, that Wilson was never in any sense the editor, and no doubt many of the sins of that disagreeable fellow, well called the scorpion, Lockhart, were placed eventually to the account of Wilson. Wilson and Lockhart were the two main supporters of the magazine, although the invisible 'Ebony' was surrounded by a most magnificent staff of contributors. These two, Wilson and

Lockhart, laid about them sometimes with what must have seemed a diabolic certainty, with reckless earnestness. There was another who became an important contributor to 'Blackwood,' but was not a hundredth part so great by the greatness he achieved as by the greatness thrust upon him, James Hogg, the 'Ettrick Shepherd,' the dramatic portrayal of whom by Wilson in the renowned 'Noctes,' is certainly one of the most extraordinary things in our literature. Thus the celebrated 'Maga' commenced its course, indulging in a kind of literary garotting and brigandage; indulging in mystifications, and using remorselessly even the weapons of falsehood and calumny in a manner which would not be tolerated now, we believe, in the lowest. In the history of Toryism it is edifying to contemplate the freaks of the 'John Bull' and the earlier volumes of 'Blackwood.'

The history of 'Blackwood,' from its connection with our literary history, its great influence and fame, is very interesting; it is a disgraceful piece of history, however. We are glad to find none of the political articles of Christopher North reprinted. His fame now rests amidst far other regions, and receives reflected light from far other subjects. We acquit Wilson, indeed, of much of the bitter malevolence of the review. Lockhart was, in fact, a learned blackguard, and scattered about charges of infidelity lavishly on Jeffrey, and Chalmers, and Professor Playfair. The author of 'Hypocrisy Unveiled,' only spoke out the natural indignation of multitudes; but it was marvellous that two men who had outraged all feelings of decency, civility, and Christianity, should have been stung to such exasperation. They gave an illustration that men most mercilessly regardless of the feelings of others, were themselves as sensitive as if they had been unskinned. And they were unskinned. Dr. Arnold often spoke of a man's moral skin. In those days Wilson seemed to lay his by, and Lockhart most likely never had one; *he* was a morbid, bilious, ill-conditioned, cantankerous thing, disagreeable in mind and in body.

It was not, therefore, wonderful that when the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, and John Wilson announced himself as a candidate, the opposition should have run very high, and have been very intense. Wilson was as bitter, intolerant, and bigoted a partisan in those days as Toryism, the nest and the nourishment of all bigotries, ever knew; he deserved all the opposition he received. He was opposed by Sir William Hamilton; he was a Whig; both had been brilliant Oxonians, but one was devoted to philosophy with a singleness of aim, and speciality of power, which seemed very naturally to throw all the

pretensions of his rival into the shade; and, indeed, what pretensions had Wilson? Then he had done nothing. Scarcely a line of those papers which have given so glowing and glorious a brilliancy to his fame had been penned. Mrs. Gordon quotes one of the placards written against him as a specimen of 'the rhetoric, the peroration of a long and angry leading article.' We think the language very natural, and while we are sure that in a later day Professor Wilson gave lustre to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, he seemed a very unlikely successor to Dugald Stuart.

"Again we call upon those members of Council who are fathers of families; who respect the oaths they have taken; who have some regard for religion, morals, and decency, to read the Chaldee MS.; the pilgrimage to the 'Kirk of Shotts;' the attacks on Messrs. Wordsworth, Pringle, Dunbar, Coleridge, and others; to weigh and consider the spirit and character of many other articles in the Magazine, which are either written by Mr. Wilson, or published under his auspices; and if they can possibly excuse him as a private individual, we still put it to them how they can justify it to their conscience, their country, and their God, to select him as the man to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy, and to confide to him the taste, the morals, and the characters of the rising generation."

Our readers have not to be informed of the issue of the struggle. Sir William Hamilton was defeated, and John Wilson was chosen, and he immediately fronted his duties in a very serious and deliberate manner. This was now the ambition and the glory of his life; but he did not altogether renounce the more questionable vocations to which he had devoted himself. There are some sketches of the Professor in his class, given with a great deal of vigour, by some who attended his lectures and knew him well. We also, but at a later period, heard him from that chair. We cannot but think the eulogy of Mr. Smith is cast in far too high a tone:—

"I have heard some of the 'greatest orators of the day—Lords Derby, Brougham, Lyndhurst; Peel, O'Connell, Sheil, Follett, Chalmers, Caird, Guthrie, M'Neile; I have heard some of these in their very best styles make some of their most celebrated appearances; but for popular eloquence, for resistless force, for the seeming inspiration that swayed the soul, and the glowing sympathy that entranced the hearts of his entire audience, that lecture by Professor Wilson far excelled the loftiest efforts of the best of these I ever listened to, and I have long come to the decided conclusion that if he had chosen the sacred profession, and given his whole heart and soul to his work, he would have raised the fame of pulpit oratory to a pitch far beyond what it ever has reached, and gained a celebrity and success as a preacher second to none in the annals of the Church."

We, too, are able to bear our testimony to the fact that it is more easy to remember than to forget his appearance in the class-room. We remember his entrance, his loose-worn, brown old gown hanging loosely about him, his watch placed out of reach of his sledge hammer fist, his fixed gaze, long and earnest, out of the north window. His eye—who ever saw such an eye—so deep and burning! The golden grey hair floating still over his shoulders. It was a grand and kind old face, and we do not wonder that one writer says, ‘It was something to have seen Professor Wilson.’ This all confessed; but it was something also, and more than is generally understood, to have studied under him. Strange scenes indeed sometimes happened, for he was strict in the discipline of the class; he had the chair so long, that it became of course a kind of home to him, and he was used to it. Mr. Nicholson says:—

“I shall never forget the foolish appearance presented one day in the class by an unmannerly fellow, who rose from his seat about ten minutes from the close of the hour, and proceeded to the door. He found some difficulty in opening it, and was returning to his place, when the Professor beckoned him to his desk, and, stooping down, asked, in that deep tone of his, kindly, but with a touch of irony in the question, ‘Are you unwell, sir?’ ‘No, sir,’ was the answer. ‘Then you will have the kindness to wait till the close of the lecture.’ The experiment of leaving the class before the termination of the hour was not likely to be again attempted, after such an exhibition.”

We are glad to know that the emoluments of his class restored him to ease, restored him during the vacation months to dear Ellera, to him the dearest spot upon the face of the earth.

We have no space to loiter along the literary and domestic life, and he seems to have been a most loveable being at home, judging him from these volumes. He sometimes wrought like a slave at ‘Blackwood,’ for many volumes. That famous ‘Maga,’ may be called the spirit of Christopher North, the spirit and genius of Wilson. Many times we find him not merely the principal, that of course, but the largest contributor of the year. Mrs. Gordon says:—

“‘Writing for ‘Blackwood’” were words that bore no pleasant significance to my ears in days of childhood. Well do I remember, when living long ago in Ann Street, going to school with my sister Margaret, that, on our return from it, the first question eagerly put by us to the servant as she opened the door was, “Is papa busy to-day; is he writing for ‘Blackwood’?” If the inquiry was answered in the affirmative, then off went our shoes, and we crept up stairs

like mice. I believe, generally speaking, there never was so quiet a nursery as ours. Thus "writing for 'Blackwood'" found little favour in our eyes, and the grim old visage of Geordie Buchanan met with very rough treatment from our hands. If, as sometimes happened, a number of the Magazine found its way to the nursery, it never failed to be tossed from floor to ceiling, and back again, until tattered to our hearts' content. In due time we came to appreciate better the value of these labours, when we learned what love and duty there was in them; and a good lesson of endurance and power the old man taught by the very manner of his work. How he set about it, *à propos* of his study, may claim a few words of description.

His habit of composition, or rather I should say the execution of it, was not always ordered best for his comfort. The amazing rapidity with which he wrote caused him too often to delay his work till the very last moment, so that he almost always wrote under compulsion, and every second of time was of consequence. Under such a mode of labour there was no hour left for relaxation. When regularly in for an article for "Blackwood," his whole strength was put forth, and it may be said he struck into life what he had to do at a blow. He at these times began to write immediately after breakfast, that meal being despatched with a swiftness commensurate with the necessity of the case before him. He then shut himself into his study, with an express command that no one was to disturb him, and he never stirred from his writing-table until perhaps the greater part of a "Noctes" was written, or some paper of equal brilliancy and interest completed. The idea of breaking his labour by taking a constitutional walk never entered his thoughts for a moment. Whatever he had to write, even though a day or two were to keep him close at work, he never interrupted his pen, saving to take his night's rest, and a late dinner, served to him in his study. The hour for that meal was on these occasions nine o'clock; his dinner then consisted invariably of a boiled fowl, potatoes, and a glass of water—he allowed himself no wine. After dinner he resumed his pen till midnight, when he retired to bed, not unfrequently to be disturbed by an early printer's boy; although sometimes these familiars did not come often enough or early enough for their master's work, as may be seen from the following note to Mr. Ballantyne:—

"The boy was told to call this morning at seven, and said he would, but he has not come till. . . . I rose at five this morning on purpose to have the sheets ready. I wish you could order the devils to be more punctual, as they never by any accident appear in this house at a proper time. The devil who broke his word is he who brought *the first packet last night*. The devil who brought the second is in this blameless. I do not wish the first devil to get more than his due; but you must snub him for my sake. For a man who goes to bed at two does not relish leaving it at five, except in

case of life or death. Would you believe it, I am a *little* angry just now. J. W."

Christopher North introduced into our literature a new style of writing, which has become customary enough since, but of which he is still the chief. He is, perhaps, the head of that great class of rhetoricians, orators of the pen, known as 'word painters.' It is a luxury to read his flowing and overflowing descriptions of natural things. No doubt through 'Blackwood' he became famous; and no doubt he would have served his fame had he never been connected with the world-renowned 'Ebony.' He was fitted especially for a watching and waiting amongst the sights, and scenes, and sounds of nature among birds, and insects, and creatures. He writes well, and keenly, and clearly, when he becomes the metaphysician; but it is in 'huts where poor men lie' that he is most at home. Amidst real scenes of life and real sorrows of life, in cottages, among the mountains, on lochs, and lakes, and tarns, among the echoing solitudes of the hills, and the wild, wide, illimitable solitudes of the moors, and by the banks of sounding rivers and streams. Why, we say, did he ever leave these? 'Oh,' says he, 'oh for the life of *Jan eagle*, written by himself!' 'Some passages in the life of a golden eagle, written by himself.' Good! But inasmuch as the eagle could not be his own biographer, we wish that Christopher had written that life and the lives of such creatures. What a chapter is that in the natural history of birds! 'Christopher in his aviary.' 'Owls are cats with wings. Indeed, nothing can be more diverting to a person annoyed by blue devils than to look at a white owl and his wife asleep. With their heads gently inclined towards each other, there they keep snoring away like any Christian couple. Should the one make a pause, the other that instant awakes, and fearing something may be wrong with his spouse, opens a pair of glimmering winking eyes, and inspects the adjacent physiognomy with the scrutinizing stare of a village apothecary. *Owls*, venerable personages, in truth they are perfect Solomons. The spectator, as in most cases of very solemn characters, feels himself at first strongly disposed to commit the gross indecorum of bursting out a laughing in their face. One does not see the absolute necessity either for man or bird looking at all times so unaccountably wise. Why will an owl persist in his stare? Why will a bishop never lay aside his wig?' It is true that most of the impressions and the observations are general, but they were the impressions and observations of one who, although not a naturalist, was an intense lover of nature, and followed her into all daring places, and watched at all hours,

and through all seasons. What a picture is that of the taking the eagle's nest in the 'Noctes,' and the entrance into an eagle's eyrie!* Truly, as we read it, we cordially wish he had left the vulgar blackguardisms of Lockharts and Tories to attend to their own disgusting and disreputable gallimaufry, and had only devoted himself to the wild adventures and observations of nature. In the 'Noctes' there is a very fair quantity of nonsense, but those extraordinary evenings have been by some spoken of as the most remarkable literary production of the day. They have been imitated a thousand times, but every imitation has been a poor unsalted egg. Overflowing with wild, uproarious humour, with glowing and eloquent description, with frequent clear and happy disquisition. And *The Shepherd*: perhaps never since the appearance of *Sir John Falstaff*, in 'Henry IV.,' did any character not only so fairly possess himself of a writer, but of auditory and readers—the wonderful shepherd.

'Kit loved him like a very brother ;
They had been fou for weeks together.'

Charming, measureless, ideal impudence and audacity; gargantuan appetites—infinite, fabulous, like 'the dragons of old who churches ate, touches of nature, lifting the soul like a beam of sunshine or a burst of music, followed instantly by another touch of nature—the music of forks and the waft of incense from the cook's shop; things literary and things political, gliding like stately ships over seas of wine and beer, and vast oyster beds. The 'Noctes' is, no doubt, the highest and most incontestible mark of the genius of North. With what enjoyment every successive 'night' was received! It was a noble drama, in which De Quincy, and the Shepherd, and North were the actors. The only literary popularity of our time at all equal to this famous periodical publication was the fame of the 'Pickwick Papers.' Wilson's mind was eminently fitted for the production of such a work; he flung his genius to and fro in scattered and broken pieces; his mind was a great Ana; he has no patience apparently long to continue one train of observation, although some few papers may seem to protest against this remark; but we feel we do him no injustice in saying this. He flows along sometimes with exceeding beauty and even majesty, but he was too fond of that trick of Byron, the falling from the mystery and glory of the stars plump upon the dunghill, or into the gutter; it grew upon him, we believe, from the finding it so successful as a style for periodical writing. Again, we have passages full of the tenderest pathos,

* Vol. iv. page 156.

the highest sentiment, and the most prolonged cadence of music of expression. His 'Essay on Burns' furnishes the finest illustrations of this. We will quote herein a fine passage on the—

GROWTH AND FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SONG.

'The old nameless Song-writers, buried centuries ago in kirk-yards that have themselves perhaps ceased to exist—yet one sees sometimes lonesome burial-places among the hills, where man's dust continues to be deposited after the house of God has been removed elsewhere—the old nameless Song-writers took hold out of their stored hearts of some single thought or remembrance surpassingly sweet at the moment over all others, and instantly words as sweet had being, and breathed themselves forth along with some accordant melody of the still more olden time;—or when musical and poetical genius happily met together, both alike passion-inspired, then was born another new tune or air soon treasured within a thousand maidens' hearts, and soon flowing from lips that "murmured near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own." Had boy or virgin faded away in untimely death, and the green mound that covered them, by the working of some secret power far within the heart, suddenly risen to fancy's eye, and then as suddenly sunk away into oblivion with all the wavering burial-place? Then was framed dirge, hymn, elegy, that, long after the mourned and the mourner were forgotten, continued to wail and lament up and down all the vales of Scotland—for what vale is unvisited by such sorrow?—in one same monotonous melancholy air, varied only as each separate singer had her heart touched, and her face saddened, with a fainter or stronger shade of pity or grief!—Had some great battle been lost and won, and to the shepherd on the braes had a faint and far-off sound seemed on a sudden to touch the horizon like the echo of a trumpet? Then had some ballad its birth, heroic yet with dying falls, for the singer wept, even as his heart burned within him, over the princely head prostrated with all its plumes, haply near the lowly woodsman, whose horn had often startled the deer as together they trode the forest-chase, lying humble in death by his young lord's feet!—O, blue-eyed maiden, even more beloved than beautiful! how couldst thou ever find heart to desert thy minstrel, who for thy sake would have died without one sigh given to the disappearing happiness of sky and earth—and, witched by some evil spell, how couldst thou follow an outlaw to foreign lands, to find, alas! some day a burial in the great deep? Thus was enchained in sounds the complaint of disappointed, defrauded, and despairing passion, and another air filled the eyes of our Scottish maidens with a new luxury of tears—a low flat tune, surcharged throughout with one groan-like sigh, and acknowledged, even by the gayest heart, to be indeed the language of an incurable grief!—Or flashed the lover's raptured hour across the brain—yet an hour, in all its rapture, calm as the summer sea—or the level summit of a far flushing forest asleep in sunshine, when there is not a breath

in heaven? Then thoughts that breathe, and words that burn—and, in that wedded verse and music you feel that “love is heaven, and heaven is love!”—But affection, sober, sedate, and solemn, has its sudden and strong inspirations; sudden and strong as those of the wildest and most fiery passion. Hence the old grey-haired poet and musician, sitting haply blind in shade or sunshine, and bethinking him of the days of his youth, while the leading hand of his aged Alice gently touches his arm, and that voice of hers, that once lilted like the linnet, is now like that of the dove in its lonely tree, mourns not for the past, but gladdens in the present, and sings a holy song—like one of the songs of Zion; for both trust that, ere the sun brings another summer, their feet will be wandering by the waters of eternal life.

‘Thus haply might arise verse and air of Scotland’s old pathetic melodies. And how her light and airy measures?’

‘Streaks of sunshine come dancing down from heaven on the darkest days, to bless and beautify the life of poverty dwelling in the wilderness. Labour, as he goes forth at morn from his rustic lodge, feels, to the small bird’s twitter, his whole being filled with joy; and, as he quickens his pace to field or wood, breaks into a song. Care is not always his black companion, but oft, at evening hour—while innocence lingers half-afraid behind, yet still follows with thoughtful footsteps—Mirth leads him to the circular seat beneath the tree, among whose exterior branches swings, creaking to and fro in the wind, the sign-board teaching friendship by the close grasp of two emblematical hands. And thence the catch and troll, while “laughter holding both its sides,” sheds tears to song and ballad pathetic on the woes of married life, and all the ills that “our flesh is heir to.” Fair, Rocking, and Harvest-home, and a hundred rural festivals, are for ever giving wings to the flight of the circling year; or how could this lazy earth ever in so short a time whirl, spinning asleep on her axis, round that most attractive but distant sun? How loud, broad, deep, soul-and-body-shaking is the ploughman’s or the shepherd’s mirth, as a hundred bold sun-burnt visages make the rafters of the old hostel ring! Overhead the thunder of the time-keeping dance, and all the joyous tenement alive with love! The pathetic song, by genius steeped in tears, is forgotten; roars of boorish laughter reward the fearless singer for the ballad that brings burning blushes on every female face, till the snooded head can scarcely be lifted up again to meet the free kiss of affection bold in the privileges of the festival, where bashfulness is out of season, and the chariest maid withholds not the harmless boon only half granted beneath the milk-white thorn. It seems as if all the profounder interests of life were destroyed, or had never existed. In moods like these, genius plays with grief, and sports with sorrow. Broad farce shakes hands with deep tragedy. Vice seems almost to be virtue’s sister. The names and the natures of things are changed, and all that is most holy, and most holily cherished by us strange mortal creatures—for which thousands of men and women have died at the stake, and would die

again rather than forfeit it—virgin love, and nuptial faith, and religion itself that saves us from being but as the beasts that perish, and equalises us with the angels that live for ever—all become for a time seeming objects of scoff, derision, and merriment. But it is not so,—as God is in heaven it is not so; there has been a flutter of strange dancing lights on life's surface, but that is all; its depths have remained undisturbed in the poor man's nature; and how deep these are you may easily know by looking, in an hour or two, through that small shining pane, the only one in the hut, and beholding and hearing him, his wife and children, on their knees in prayer—(how beautiful in devotion that same maiden now!) not unseen by the eye of Him who sitting in the heaven of heavens doth make our earth his footstool!

'And thus the many broad-mirth-songs, and tales, and ballads arose, that enliven Scotland's antique minstrelsy.'

On the whole, we may speak of him as the poet of sensation. He was a splendid type of a common order of character. He was most able in the exposition and criticism of the genius of other men. He has exercised no great power over thought. We should suppose, too, a certain order of poetry to be beyond his apprehension. He made a mistake as great in his depreciation of Alfred Tennyson upon the publication of his first volumes, as the 'Edinburgh' in its depreciation of the 'Hours of Idleness,' only with this difference, that while certainly the 'Hours of Idleness' did not deserve the castigation it received, it exhibited no traces of the marvellous genius of which it was the harbinger: Tennyson's volumes gave all the evidence of a new power in the poetic interpretation of nature; but Wilson had apparently little admiration for that listening attitude—the hushing of the soul to know and to interpret—he was the poet of sensation; of sensation greatly separated from thought, not spiritual sensation; the sensation of a boy, exulting and turbulent, stormy and loud; sensation only able to express the senses themselves, while sufficiently able to stand still and wonder at the spiritual intuitions of other men. He never took captive his own sensations. He never reduced poetry to an art, and therefore he never touched the deepest or the highest in man; and he seems to have had no sovereignty or command over his internal things.

In 1837 he lost his wife, the dear companion of his excursions, his fellow pedestrian in the long Highland wanderings. It was a short illness, and when death came, all that wild, noble nature, broke loose in uncontrollable grief. He was just going to raise her head that he might enable her to take the medicine—she breathed three sighs at short intervals, and her spirit fled. Her husband was seized with a sort of half delirium. A relative writes: 'You can scarcely picture a more distressing scene than

him lying on the floor, his son John weeping over him, and the poor girls in equal distress. His first words were those of prayer, after that he spoke incessantly the whole night, and seemed to recapitulate the events of many years in a few hours.' It was like such a man to idolize his wife, the beautiful, bright creature of the old Elleray days. A long time after he went to Elleray, he wrote to his son:—'I have resolved not to return to Elleray, as I should not be able to be there if you had left it. I slept at Bowness the fifth night after my return to Elleray from Hollow Oak, the silence and loneliness of myself at night not being to be borne, though during the day I was tranquil enough.' The bereavement overwhelmed him with grief, and almost deprived him of reason. He resumed his duties of Professor the next session, but he could not give utterance to words; he saw the sympathy and tender respect in the faces of the students. After a short pause, his voice tremulous with emotion, he said—'Gentlemen, pardon me, but since we last met, I have been in the valley of the shadow of death.' Nor then alone, often afterwards the topics of his lectures would naturally reawaken his grief. His great soul shook with uncontrollable agony. 'On such occasions,' says an old student, 'he would pause for a moment or two in his lecture, fling himself forward on the desk, bury his face in his hands, and while his whole frame heaved with visible emotion, he would weep and sob like a child.'

And we must draw to a close. Wilson and his comrades began to get old. It is affecting to find that surly creature Gibson Lockhart writing thus to his old friend:—

"As for any very lively interest in this life, that is out of the question with me as with you, and from the same fatal date, though I struggled against it for a while, instead of at once estimating the case completely, as I think you did. Let us both be thankful that we have children not unworthy of their mothers. I reproach myself when the sun is shining on their young and happy faces, as well as on the violets and hyacinths and bursting leaves, that I should be unable to awaken more than a dim, ghost-like semi-sympathy with them, or in anything present or to come, but so it is. No good, however, can come of these croakings. Like you I have no plans now—never."

As was also natural with such a character, Wilson's character brightened and softened at the close. He was a better man than Lockhart, and had objects to live for. The last lights of his life are very soft and beautiful and subdued. Wild enough still, still strong and overpowering, his character differed as much from its earlier dawn as his beautiful '*Dies Borealis*,' differs from the uproarious '*Noctes*.' He was still a strange, eccentric creature—

still retained his curious method of mislaying things, and storming after the loss : lost gloves, lost hat, lost snuff-box, lost watch. 'The watch,' says his daughter, 'was a great joke ; in the first place, he seldom wore his own, which never by any chance was right, or treated according to the natural properties of a watch, and had wonderful escapes from fire, water, and sudden death. It was a favourite action with him to speak watch in hand, and if not his own, then another of some gentleman present had to run the risk.' A correspondent writes to Mrs. Gordon :—

“ While delivering one of the Inaugural Addresses to the Philosophical Institution, of which he was president, in the full career of that impassioned eloquence for which he was so distinguished, he somewhat suddenly made a pause in his address. Looking round on the platform of faces beside him, he put the emphatic question, ‘Can any of you gentlemen lend me a watch?’ Being very near him, I handed him mine, but a moment had hardly passed ere I repented doing so. Grasping the chronometer in his hand, the Professor at once recommenced his oration, and, in ‘suiting the action to the word,’ I expected it would soon be smashed to pieces ; but I was agreeably disappointed, as, after swaying it to and fro for some time, he at last laid it gently down on the cushion before him.”

Beautiful traces of character come out. How he vindicated beasts, and all cruelly-treated creatures in the street, and made rugged rascals cower before his stout, strong frame. Traces of his tender fondness for children, too. Does not the following make us love the dear old man ?—

‘A nervous or fidgetty mother would have been somewhat startled at his mode of treating babies ; but I was so accustomed to all his doings that I never for a moment interfered with them. His granddaughter went through many perils. He had great pleasure in amusing himself with her long before she could either walk or speak. One day I met him coming down stairs with what appeared to be a bundle in his hands, but it was my baby, which he clutched by the back of the clothes, her feet kicking through her long robe, and her little arms striking about, evidently in enjoyment of the reckless position in which she was held. He said this way of carrying a child was a discovery he had made, that it was quite safe, and very good for it. It was all very well so long as he remembered what he was about ; but more than once this large, good-natured baby was left all alone to its own devices. Sometimes he would lay her down on the rug in his room and forget she was there ; when, coming into the drawing-room without his plaything, and being interrogated as to where she was, he would remember he had left her lying on the floor : and bringing her back with a joke, still maintaining he was the best nurse in the world, “but I will take her upstairs to Sally,” and so according to his new discovery, she was carried back un-

scathed to the nursery. He did not always treat the young lady with this disrespect, for she was very often in his arms when he was preparing his thoughts for the lecture-hour. A pretty *tableau* it was to see them in that littered room, among books and papers—the only bright things in it—and the SPARROW, too, looking on while he hopped about the table, not quite certain whether he should not affect a little envy at the sight of the new inmate, whose chubby hands were clutching and tearing away at the long hair, which of right belonged to the audacious bird. So he thought, as he chirped in concert with the baby's screams of delight, and dared at last to alight upon the shoulder of the unconscious Professor, absorbed in the volume he held in his hand.'

At last the strong man bowed himself; he fainted in the ante-room to the lecture hall of the University, and had soon to lay aside his duties there. Gradually all the links and the ties of duty loosened. He met Lockhart, his comrade, in the old wild unlicensed audacities of the early days of 'Blackwood;' they spent a few hours together and parted. Christopher accompanied Lockhart to the door, saw him step into the carriage, watched him out of sight: they never met again. There was another old friend, earlier, closer, nearer, dearer, 'The Bob you villain' of letters of old Oxford days, Robert Findlater. Robert, to whom he wrote when his heart was breaking for the love of Margaret; the brother of his youth. We can imagine the thoughts with which he penned his last note with 'Much love in few words; your friend of friends:' and in that note there is another glimpse of a breaking tie.

The change came gradually, but very surely, and the mighty being who had been a very Hercules, who 'had walked in glory and in joy along the mountain side,' was fast fading away. Mrs. Gordon most touchingly tells the close:—

'We all watched through the night while some hours of natural sleep fell upon him. Next day the same sad scene; no change; morning's dawn brought no comfort. It was now Sunday; time hurried on, and we still hoped he knew us as we laid our hands upon his, but he was unable to speak. The only sign we had that consciousness had not left him was that he continued to summon his servant, according to his old habit, by knocking upon the small table at his bedside. Several times during the day he made that signal, and on its being answered, I could not say that it meant more than that he desired his servant should now and then be in the room. She had served him long, faithfully, and with a true woman's kindness. It was the only way in which he could thank her. At five o'clock his breathing became more difficult. Evening sent its deepening shadows across his couch—darker ones were soon to follow. Still that sad and heavy breathing as if life were unwilling to quit the

strong heart. Towards midnight he passed his hand frequently across his eyes and head, as if to remove something obstructing his vision. A bitter expression for one instant crossed his face,—the veil was being drawn down. A moment more, and as the clock chimed the hour of twelve, that heaving heart was still.'

II.

THE WAYS AND MEANS OF MINISTERIAL USEFULNESS.*

RATHER more than one hundred and fifty years have passed away since Dr. Cotton Mather published his 'Essays to do Good.' That little valuable suggestive book occupies a place in the literature of benevolent activity similar to that occupied by Watts's 'Improvement of the Mind,' in the literature of mental discipline. We suppose it is seldom read, and even not much known; indeed, the suggestions of its pages have now been incorporated and framed into institutions, but it is still a book to set the right sort of soul on fire; a noble stimulant to ministerial activity and zeal. Its singularly happy quotations, its anecdotes, its rapid and noble glances of appeal, should have saved it from the neglect into which it has fallen. But, of course, it is easy to perceive that such a book, with all its vivacity, is greatly superseded, and the receipts for the ways to do good now, in our vast populations especially, need at once a comprehensiveness and a concentrativeness to which our fathers, especially of one hundred and fifty years, were strangers. It is true, too, that in doing good in our day more, perhaps, than at any previous period, the grace and gift of exceeding prudence is needed. There are plenty of persons in our own day prepared to act upon the spirit, if not to use the language of the Ephesians when they expelled the best of their citizens, 'If they are determined to excel their neighbours, let them find another place to do it.' Yet, says the writer to whom we have referred, Dr. Cotton Mather, 'of all the trees in the garden of the Lord

*I. *Pastoral Life*. Part I. *The Clergyman at Home and in the Pulpit*. By the Rev. EDWARD MONRO, M.A., Vicar of St. John the Evangelist. Leeds: Masters.

II. *The Duties of the Parish Priest. The Acquirements and Principal Obligations and Duties of the Parish Priest; being a course of Lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge to the Students in Divinity*. By Rev. J. J. BLUNT, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. Fourth Edition. Murray.

which is there that envies not the palm-tree, out of which alone, as Plutarch informs us, the Babylonians derived more than three hundred commodities? or the cocoa-tree, so beneficial to man that a vessel may be built, and rigged, and freighted, and victualled from that alone?' Who would not wish to be such trees of righteousness, so planted that 'God may be glorified'?

Well, ministers are, no doubt, very generally and very eminently expected to be such; the expectation is not unnatural, it is very natural; and while it may be quite impossible to be all that the populace demand, it is very possible to be much. And here we cannot but think that we should be very thankful that we are ministers. Does not the office and the position clear the ground for much usefulness? True, we are not clergymen in the mechanical sense of the word; that office is really imperial. We often envy the elegyman his power; in most instances he uses it, we believe, very badly, but how instantly to him all doors fly open, from the highest circle, which is not to be despised, to the lowest, which is to be prized; all classes are accessible, and he has but to inaugurate any scheme of usefulness, and he meets, of course, with responses. With us it is wholly different; and in the more narrow and confined districts, and smaller churches, we have to fight our way through suspicion within, and neglect and contempt without; this is true, but our ministers have done it, and are doing it.

If we attempted some classification of the ways and means of ministerial usefulness, we should probably find them threefold—Personal, Pastoral, and Public. *Being* must precede all really efficient *doing*. It seems, no doubt, most necessary that for any real measure of usefulness we keep our own mind at work, the only way by which can be kept a fresh and natural mind; but this is a great problem how to do this with such incessant taxation of our powers; reading will not do it alone, and communion with our fellows will soon run us dry, and leave us an unfilled cistern. In order to usefulness, no doubt a very great necessity is health; sickly people, as a rule, are not good companions for sickly people, and one of the very first conditions of ministration is health. We should aim to get robust souls, we shall find their power will tell in any circle. We can only account for some of the marvels we behold in the way of usefulness thus. We should be otherwise perplexed at it. Our brother *Persalto* has often amazed us; we believe there is little in him compared with the wealth of our brother *Tristis*, but *Persalto* is a healthy brother, and there is such an instinctive apprehension of health in a man; people are charmed with it, and find it not only desirable, but delightful. Of course, we are thinking of natural states; sentiment delights to

contemplate sickness, just as all morbid people fall in love with deformities. Well, that we may be the ministers of health ourselves, it seems necessary first that we become healthy. Perhaps, as a general principle, it is our duty to be healthy, and this is a very necessary kind of word for towns like Brighton, Cheltenham, and fashionable watering-places in general. We believe one of the curses of the Church to be mere sickly sentimental priests—men who minister to, rather than minister to remove, the mental ailments of those who look to them. Many diseases arise from a weight of cares lying on the minds of men, or they are thereby increased; and there is a mysterious power we know of in conversation—in agreeable, healthy conversation—by which they might be removed. Disorders of the mind first bring diseases of the stomach, and so the whole mass of blood gradually becomes infected, and as long as the mental cause continues, the diseases may indeed change their forms, but they rarely quit their patients. It is true that ‘a cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine,’ and ‘the fear of the Lord tendeth to life.’

Among the ways and means of ministerial usefulness, of course, we purposely pass by many; perhaps we may say one of the chief means would be, we speak from experience of the opposite, the doing few things, not many things; we must not pray for the gift of a hundred arms, but for strength for two; after all, we have only two feet, although a healthy body and a wise walking will make two feet go a great way; and we have only two hands and ten fingers. Our servant, the other day, tried to make them do the work of about four pair of hands, and we had a sad tragedy among plates and sauce; loose holding and management is one of the great causes of failure; a tight grip is moral power. A good prayer might be, ‘Lord, I know thou wilt never give me too much to do; save me from picking up too many things from a mistaken idea of duty; help me to narrow my circle, that I may fill it.’

We suppose the whole problem of our ministerial life and labours may be expressed in this, how to get to people; the whole pulpit work comes to that. Schools, classes, and lectures, come to that—how to get to people. And it is quite sad to think how many thousands of people we see without ever getting to them. It is a theory of ours, not, of course, without some limitations, that if we were masters of the art and rhetoric of conversation we should be masters in the pulpit. We are persuaded we do not study and work the mine of conversation as it might be worked; not with a view to brilliant coruscations of table-talk; not with a view to the retail of anecdotes; or even with a view to the provision of forced meat for the company. Nothing so puts a man upon himself as conversation, in the pulpit we have it all our own way, and we can

fine people if they interrupt us; but in company, if anywhere, the opportunity is given to us, if we can avail ourselves of it, to get near to people. Mr. Blunt says of pastoral conversation and its power—

‘That through the medium of such topics, and whilst never exalting them to an undue and dangerous importance, he will frequently be able to give conversation a profitable bias, without force or violence;—he will convey to the mind of his more intelligent parishioners purely religious knowledge, without seeming to do so—without obtruding the preacher on the drawing-room, which might make his good intentions miscarry;—he will leaven the society in which he mixes in private with something of a sober and unworldly spirit;—he will stop out imperceptibly many topics of discussion, which, however innocent in themselves, might be frivolous—or which might impart somewhat too much of a secular character to the minister, who partook of them with eagerness;—he will add authority to the direct exercise of his functions as parish priest by such his extra-official carriage, which will be in harmony with the other; and last, but not least, he will thus save his pastoral speech from returning to him void, neither touching the heart nor head of any man who hears it, for want of some timely angel, in the shape of some such topic as I have supposed, to step down and move the waters.’

It is a most strange thing that we can talk in pulpits, on platforms, at lecturers’ desks, we can address juries, and prime ministers, and even majesty itself, and fire off cannonades on the hustings, and would not hesitate even in the senate itself if we had the chance; but we cannot talk to each other by the fireside and at the table; we are afraid of our children and our servants; and when we go out to the party the soul of conversation is strangled in us by our cravat and M. B.’s waistcoats.

We are afraid our ideals are not very high. That was a high character Cranmer gave of a minister he designed for preferment. ‘He seeks nothing, he longs for nothing, he dreams about nothing but Jesus Christ.’ Our aims are low; we think of the visit, the sermon, the meeting, the reading; we do not think of that which should consecrate and crown all, and so we fail in all, and we are not religious enough in our efforts. Is it not true, that we are afraid, may we not all plead verily guilty to that? We are afraid of being charged with obtruding religion; our business, that to which we have been set apart, is to insinuate religion upon people’s regard. We fear we do not root and ground people in the truth, our Sabbath schools, and our families. When we were boys we learnt through several times the Assembly’s Catechism, with the proofs. We have now a sort of morbid horror of catechisms; they are never introduced into our Sabbath schools. Is this wise? In consequence of this, are not our

instructions there inorganic, unrelated, incoherent? In fact, do we not feel the need of discipline in our instruction altogether? Would not the effect be good if we kept in our mind a course of sermons, on some such system as the Assembly's Catechism, keeping the organism out of sight? Should we not find that we distributed a large amount of religious doctrine? And if our fathers err from too much of this, do we not err from too little?

That is a healthy essay in the 'Recreations of a Country Parson' concerning giving up and coming down. The great lesson he lays for the wise and true man is the learning through life how to come down without giving up all. Our temptations lie in the direction of giving up if unsuccessful, if we don't succeed in effecting that piece of work, or reaching that character. We do not sufficiently remember that there is a way to reach everybody and to do everything; and because we have failed it is by no means certain that we must fail. He was a wise man who fixed his mind upon the most stupid of his auditors, and fixed his arguments and illustrations, his persuasions, and his intentions upon him. He was a lecturer upon chemistry, too, and he found that when he had succeeded with his stupid auditor he had not only won the perceptions, but the affections and the interests of his whole audience.

The books to which we call attention are, of course, written by clergymen for clergymen, but they may be read by Nonconformist ministers with profit. There is method, and scholarship, and grasp of thought in Mr. Blunt's book, which render it a deeply interesting treatise. We do not know a more competent work upon the subject to which it refers. We believe the excellent author has gone to that kingdom where even Churchmen acquire in the new atmosphere large hearts, or we should have taken occasion to remark upon the singular impudence of those passages in which he refers to that odious thing Dissent. Certainly, Congregationalists have never had to feel that they halt behind the ministers of the Establishment in power; nay, but in a few rare instances, the Establishment has to feel that its power in the pulpit is poverty compared with that of ministers of the Baptist and Independent denominations. The following is an interesting passage:—

'And if there is one thing more than another that fosters Dissent, it is this, that, practically, men see no great difference between the preacher in the church and the preacher in the chapel. The bulk of the people are not as yet in a condition to appreciate the argument of the Apostolical Succession; to understand the commission of the clergy; the power of binding and loosing conveyed to them; the influence such prerogative may have upon the soundness or unsoundness of the sacraments administered. They observe the two divines dressed in the same way, both wearing black coats; called both by

the same name of reverend, and sometimes with the same or similar symbolical letters attached to it; both apparently acquainted, and perhaps equally so, with the English version of the Old and New Testament, and with the Commentaries of Macknight, Doddridge, or Matthew Henry; both handling their sermons much after the same manner, suppressing by common consent all allusions to a church or to a schism from it; and on the whole not leading any hearer whatever to despair, either from the attainments he would have to acquire or the barriers he would have to break through, of being a preacher himself, if other resources failed him. What wonder then that the church and the chapel should be confounded by vast numbers of the people; or what wonder that they should see a difference in their structure, steeple or no steeple; decorations, surplice or no surplice; and there stop?

‘But let a minister have the knowledge I presume; let him be perceived to be drawing out of that stock; and it will at once be admitted by all who come into the assembly, that worthy is that man to sit in Moses’ chair, and “they will fall down and worship God, and report that God is in it of a truth.” It will be seen by the simplest, that he has precious funds out of which he dispenses; that his Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, which he had spent the first and best twenty years of his life in acquiring, have not been lost upon him; but that they are the safe scaffolding on which he has reared, and is still rearing, his knowledge of theology; and that the structure is sound, substantial, and massive; such as the Dissenting minister in general, with no such framework at all to aid him, cannot attain unto or approach, be his zeal and talents what they may. Then will the people not fail to discover, and to remark it, that the grace accompanying the imposition of hands by the bishop, which they may have hitherto disputed (for they believed it not, because they could not see it, neither know it), is seconded and confirmed by what they *can* bear witness to—(though not in itself more real)—genuine knowledge in the man.

‘What would many a Dissenting teacher give for the scholarly knowledge of languages, which numbers of our young clergy carry with them to their curacies from this place, and then, alas! never turn to the slightest account all their days—unconscious, apparently, of the treasure they possess (though one would think they might remember how long and how hard they had wrought for it), and like the *Æthiop*, inconsiderately casting away a pearl. How is the want of it manifest even in the most remarkable man the Dissenters have perhaps had amongst them, in later times at least—Robert Hall!’

A precious passage, truly, and much Mr. Blunt could have known of Robert Hall and his life, his studies, and his attainments; of whom in his university it was said, he was the Plato, as his fellow-student, Sir James Macintosh, was the Herodotus of his college, from their fondness for, and intimacy with, masters of old Grecian thought and narrative. But it pleases Churchmen

to pat each other thus generously on the back, and it pleases us to laugh at it. For ourselves, we shall refuse to admit the vast superiority of these men. We have ourselves conversed with too many Greek dunces and Latin coxcombs, not to know that a man may acquire a knowledge, a paltry knowledge, of a few classical authors, at the expense of all the little common sense with which nature endowed him.

We also feel that we shall increase our usefulness if we keep out of the way of clergymen of all sorts. We shall rarely meet them without a latent misprison of insult being very present with them. As a rule, we may say of them as God said of Israel, 'Your ways are not my ways, nor your thoughts my thoughts.' We should have no objection to continue the quotation, but we forbear. We may be charged with sectarianism, but our communion will grow; in fact, when we had less to do with the clergyman we were stronger than now. We ought to maintain the essential distinction between the Establishment and ourselves. The doctrine of apostolical succession and the doctrine of baptismal regeneration are the badges upon a superstitious livery which it should be our object not to flatter and fawn upon, but to mark and distinguish as the sign and token of unwaverings. During the present year we have had poured upon us a torrent of insolence of a most remarkable character from the 'Tracts for Priests and People,' from the Rev. Mr. Ryle, from Rev. Mr. Brooks, in his prophetic interpretation, and from Archdeacon Sandford.

Mr. Monro's book is very interesting; it seems also to us to contain more spiritual freedom than the volume of Mr. Blunt, as it certainly is more pleasantly written. It really deals with the homely aspects of pastoral visitation. It has not the dignified reticence of the Professor's chair. It is too discursive, but it contains admirable hints to preachers upon the desirableness of combining, with hints for the method of accomplishing the combination of a knowledge of life by the fireside with power in the pulpit. The simple difference between the two books is, that Mr. Blunt writes like a professor bent on maintaining untouched the dignity of the Ecclesiastical office, while Mr. Monro, very likely quite as high in Church notions, writes like a man only desirous to reach people; he writes also like a man who, as a minister of some small village, has made himself acquainted with the inside of his parishioners' homes. Mr. Blunt's book is undoubtedly more systematic, has more breadth of acquaintance with the subject, while Mr. Monro's book overflows with geniality and sympathy, some readers will say with too poetic a cast of expression. Mr. Monro has not sufficiently guarded and informed some of his expressions. He refers at great length to the influence of

natural scenery in forming the mind of the pastor and the preacher. We quite go with him as to its importance in forming a strong and perfect character. He illustrates his position thus:—

‘It is certainly true and remarkable, that one man who has the power of originality will go into a cottage, and with saying *very little*, not “reading the Bible aloud,” *doing* scarcely anything, not giving a *penny*, will come out having done a work and effected a result, which other men who have not that power, with an hour’s hard work in the same cottage, reading half an Epistle through, lending tracts in large print fresh from the Christian Knowledge Society, talking, arguing, reasoning, and giving half-a-crown to boot, will not effect. What is this power?

‘First, there will be *pictorial* power in the person possessing the genius for parish work. You are called to a cottage. You have known it for years. A boy of sixteen is dying there. The cottage is one of two. It stands down a lane: a lane whose hedges offer homes for the birds in summer, and whose hawthorns the woodbine crowns in July. The ruts are deep, and, on either side the green sward covered over with the weeds of June, glows the sunshine, or repose the deepest shadows. There by a pond groups of children play the year round. The early light is greeted by their merry laugh: the hot June day finds them wading up the stream in the cool water: September knows the stretching out of eager hands to catch the berries for a Michaelmas crown: or in winter, the happy groups gather on the ice to slide away their brief holiday,—the same troop all the year round. And that dying boy was one of the little company: known in that lane, and known so well nowhere else in the village: he knew it from infancy, and knew no other. He is dying; and he loves the lane; and as he is propped up in bed, his eye rests on the hedge opposite, and the sunset behind it, and he hears the shout of children through the open window, and he longs to be with them. But he smiles patiently, and is glad to see you; you come to pray with him, and speak of heaven; he knows he will not live, but he has been long getting ready. The furniture in the bedroom is all part of his history, known from childhood, no more and no less than what it is now; the stump bedstead, the two chairs, the table between the fireplace and the window, the white-washed wall, and the great spot of damp in the corner, which always has been there, only it gets a little larger; the oak chest by the side of the bed, with its odd quaint carvings, half pomegranate, half seraphim. You go on visiting him till he dies; and he dies, and you kneel with his sorrowing parent by the bed, and speak of heaven, and go out into the lane where he played; and then the funeral goes along it, and the coffin is carried under the hedge, and the children, old playmates, gaze in wonder. All is over, and whenever you go into that lane, you think of that boy.

‘Now I mean, the power to realize and grasp all this by the

pictorial power. Of course I have described a common-place state of things; such an event as any clergyman in Hertfordshire, Shropshire, Buckinghamshire, or any agricultural county, must well know occurs continually. But the power to *feel* it all, to see it in that way, to appreciate it, to be under its influence, *that* shows the pictorial mind of which I am speaking, and which I conceive to be a part of the *parochial genius*?

Now, admirable as all this is, we should scarcely have called this pictorial power, and in calling it so, Mr. Monro puts the lesser for the greater; he might as well say a poet is a man who uses words; he does so because he is a master of their meaning, and has a knowledge of things. Could not our writer have used the old words, sympathy, humanity. It is sympathy which gives this fellowship with nature, and scenery, and man, which is the source and secret of all pastoral power. It is, no doubt, true power, real power; but probably for a hundred men able to preach, there is not one who is able to grasp the work of the pastor; it is closer, deeper; it cannot admit of mere generalities, and probably, as Mr. Monro intimates, every man profoundly affected by the moods and changes of nature, will be also as profoundly affected by the moods and changes of the human soul. Death and birth, sorrow and joy, will be very touching to such a heart; the one sympathy will aid, will illustrate, and set off the other. We have ourselves been very conscious of this on many occasions very impressive to us. We remember ourselves being called to a midnight death-bed. Among the solitary and wild hills, a member of our church was in her last moments. She died in our arms. We stepped out of the house; the flickering light trembling through the window, the thought of what was behind that curtained window, then the tall black hills, the valleys, and the heavens, and the unreplying stars, gave to us a sense of power and awe we have not often realized. Once more, in one of the wild regions of Cumberland, we remember having, late in the afternoon, climbed one of the tallest of the hills. The sun was setting—went down over the gloomy scenery, and we were alone with the evening and the night; a sense of dreadful desolation overmastered us, till, looking over the crag, we saw beneath us the pathway which had been trodden that day by men and sheep, to be trodden also to-morrow; and that pathway brought us back again to freshness and life. We have no doubt that man gives the key to nature. Nature is only significant by man; and we believe this is what Mr. Monro really means by the pictorial power; it is that sense of sympathy which takes in and relates itself to all particulars, and invests all tenderly with the consecrating charm of all

‘The still, sad music of humanity.’

III.

ON THE LIFE AND POETRY OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

THE influence of German thought and feeling has long been acknowledged as bearing powerfully upon the literature of our native country. The days have passed when everything which issued from the banks of the Danube was viewed either with unmitigated contempt or spoken of in terms of delirious admiration. Our British critics have, happily, discovered a medium between an unqualified approval of the wildest speculation and a neglectful condemnation of the profoundest efforts of thought. Mrs. Hannah More's tirade against that fatal invasion of the Huns and Vandals (whose hordes were accused sixty years ago of overrunning civilized society, and hurrying men back to the darkness of 'Old chaos' and 'Old Night'), would not now be received with the gravity and awe which it impressed on the minds of our grandmothers. The labours of Hengstenberg, Olshausen, Stier, Kapff, Arndt, and others of their noble grade, have done something to make us forget the 'exploded rationalism' of Schelling or Strauss. If we must needs look gravely at the moral uncertainty and questionable orthodoxy of a genius like Göthe, we can point, on the other hand, to the unworldly domestic affection and childish simplicity of heart which threw a halo round the life of his contemporary, Schiller. And if, coming nearer to our own times, we turn with horror from the sceptical profanity and contemptuous flippancy which defile the poems of a German Voltaire like Heinrich Heine, we can dwell by contrast with the greater delight on the unblemished pages of his compatriot, Ludwig Uhland, who, with melodious lips and noble thoughts, has advocated the high and holy cause of liberty.

We rejoice that the poems of Heine have never yet passed through a cheap edition, whilst those of Uhland have long been familiar as household words in the cabins of the poor of his native land, as well as in the palaces of the rich. The death of the aged writer, whose seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated enthusiastically on the 26th of April last, will but endear his treasured thoughts the more to the hearts of the people. It is some time since the strength of his constitution became evidently impaired under the constant attacks of a long and painful illness. He had passed the allotted age of man. One by one the friends of his youth—those who like himself could remember the deeds of the French Revolution, and had taken part in the political struggles and intellectual progress of the last half century—had been passing away. On the 24th of

February, 1862, the veteran Uhland attended the funeral of his fellow-poet, Justinus Kerner (the tuneful physician, whose dreamy and melancholy verses have obtained so great a popularity through the exquisite musical setting of a modern composer, Herr Robert Schumann); and on the subsequent 13th of November, he himself was 'gathered to his fathers,' full of years and honour, breathing his last at nine o'clock in the morning at his residence at Tübingen. 'Life without a friend,' says George Herbert, 'makes death without a witness;' but Uhland was carried to his grave amidst general lamentation and mourning. His wise moderation, united with enlightened patriotism, his honest simplicity of mind and unconscious abnegation of self, had won for him, through years of stormy trial, this tribute from the hearts of others. And when at last his worn-out frame was laid to rest in the grave, it was in tranquil hope of a 'joyful resurrection.'

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They live whom we call dead.'

The most important facts of the poet Uhland's life are too generally known to need more than a cursory notice here. Living in an age when the *furore* for travelling may be said to amount almost to a mania, Uhland knew little of that feverish desire for change which makes some men turn restlessly from side to side, like weary invalids, who cannot long tolerate the same posture. At Tübingen he was born, in the year 1787, and to the quiet retreat of Tübingen, overpowered by the excitable theories and political contentions of others, he returned to die. Having studied the law in his native city, and attained at an early age to the degree of Doctor, he published his first ballads and fugitive pieces in 1804. But the full development of his talents awaited the subsequent German war for independence, in which he acted so prominent a part; and it was not till 1813 that he published those poems on Liberty, which, being inserted into the daily papers and placarded about in the streets, obtained for him so great a popularity. The meaning and importance of these poems were heightened by the enthusiastic interpretations of the Liberal party, and Uhland soon found himself drawn into the vortex of popular excitement. During the years which succeeded, both at Stuttgart and at Wurtemberg, the poet was forced to take a prominent part in political matters. At this trying period of public life the character of Uhland appears without a stain. Unflinching in his advocacy of freedom, and firmly consistent in his desire for representative institutions, his language is never sneering and never intemperate. The same spirit of real patriotism and true poetry in which he

penned the 'Vaterlandische Gedichte' animates him throughout. He is never carried away by the heat of passion ; and there are no regrettable portions in his writings. How different was the reckless sarcasm of Heinrich Heine, who attempted to effect a political reform by scoffing ! There is something touching in the calm self-control and prudent reticence of the thoughtful Uhland, who, firm to the cause he had advocated in his youth, was revolted more and more by the frenzied language of his contemporaries, and in 1839 quietly resigned his own post of importance in the democratical party. The memorable year of 1848 re-awakened his enthusiasm once more. Again he took his place in the National Assembly of Frankfort, and listened with a naïve wonder, which was not without a mixture of terror, to the startling theories which were propounded by the juvenile democrats of Germany. This was the last public and political appearance of our modern Cincinnatus, who was not again to be tempted from his homely retreat, but occupied himself with simple pleasures and the quiet teaching of his books till he was called to cast off the trammels of this earth for the lasting liberty which no treason and no tyranny can disturb.

But it is rather to the poetry than to the private character of Uhland that we desire to call the attention of our readers. The man is known by his works, and living as this poet did at an important crisis in the literary history of his native country, his works are intimately associated with the progress of intellect and art in Germany. The questions are immediately suggested to the mind, how far his poetry was an *imitative* rather than an *intuitive* art, in what relation he stood to his immediate predecessors, and in what manner he was affected by his contemporaries ? It is always interesting to inquire into the influence of external agencies in promoting the nurture and developing the faculties of the poetic mind. At what age the seedling is planted, and what the circumstances are which bring it into active life, are matters quite concealed from our finite ken. A boy came to Mozart, wishing to compose something, and asking the way to begin. Mozart told him to wait. ' You composed much earlier.' ' And asked nothing about it,' replied the musician. The moral of the story is obvious, that however assiduous study may accumulate knowledge in the technical details of an art, it never imparts the key to a thorough mastery of its subject-matter. For the capacities for recognising the various agencies by which the imaginative powers are affected must be born with the poet, and are exercised long before he is aware of their presence, and very long before he begins to reason as to the philosophy of their existence. Just in the same way as the bodily organs are used by innumerable people without the slightest knowledge of their mechanism, or of the adjustments by

which they are brought into play. Cowley compares the influence of boyish fancies upon later life to letters cut out of the bark of a young tree, which grow and widen with it. And Dryden has marked the three stages of intellectual progress :—

‘ What the child *admired*,
The youth *endeavoured*, and the man *acquired*.’

Such are the mysteries of the poetic guild, whereunto only those are initiated who have been enfranchised by Nature herself. Dear beyond all power of utterance is the genial inspiration which can people itself with an innumerable company of happy thoughts and sounds—which can ever and anon find solace in the glories of imagination—thus smoothing down the desert roughnesses of this life’s trivial sorrows, solemnifying our more important duties, and teaching us much that was not before contained in our narrow philosophy. Subtle, intangible, and apparently unimportant these things may be; peradventure ‘one good or holy word, one expressive musical chord or cadence, the passing reminiscence of a friend or loved one, the remembrance of the tone of an accustomed voice, the thought of some who sleep in Christ, the recurrence of a child’s laugh, the fall of a leaf, or the fading of a flower,’—how the recollection of any one of them may shoot across the memory, like a chord from some melodious minstrelsy, and move away the pall from the spirit that was dark and desponding before!

Every age as it passes by should have its special band of singers, who minister to it in all these things. These poets should show themselves as *belonging* to the age, co-operating with it in all good deeds and thoughts, and encouraging its workers in their separate spheres. On the other hand, they may be, and ought to be, *above* the age in holding up the high aim and discipline of life’s commonest duties, in endeavouring to refine men’s faculties to the noblest using, and in perpetually proclaiming those great truths which are in peril of being smothered or forgotten amidst worldly weaknesses and strivings. Now, the term ‘classical’ is often applied to poetry as well as to other manifestations of art; but by many people (in Germany especially) in a sense the reverse of laudatory. There is a notion of effeteness and narrowness conveyed by it, as if the subject to which it refers were constructed on a principle which, though it might be highly correct and proper in itself, was yet wholly inadequate to the exigencies and the wants which that subject professed to supply. But the etymology of the word alluded to will bear a larger signification; and we would call every poem *classical* which meets the requirements of the age in which it was written. This qualification is an important one. We have no right to judge the work of any poet by the measure of

certain dim abstractions, by the standard of our own liking, or by the fluctuating sympathies of popular approbation. These criteria are often erring. Pope and Dryden, in our own country, are frequently termed effete and classical, as though the expressions were synonymous in meaning; whilst, in fact, they are classical as regards their age, and effete as regards our own. Such poets may be regarded as a *reflex* of their age in all its whims and comedies, and there can be no doubt that the degradation which characterized our English art of the last century was intimately connected with those sins which were a turpitude to England, and which sapped the honour and independence of England's people. But a poet may have such a sympathy for human nature in its various manifestations, that, like Shakspeare, he may be classical for all ages, and then he never becomes effete at all.

And the fact that most of our modern readers of English literature instinctively pass over the poets of the Renaissance in their past researches, and recur with never-failing delight to the splendid models which shone contemporaneously with, or subsequently to, the Reformation, is in itself full of pregnant meaning. For, as it has been well remarked, the 'history of a nation's poetry is the essence of its history,' and if we wish to trace the several phases of historic development amongst the people of any country, we cannot do so better than by a careful investigation of the national poetry.

It would be surpassing the limits of a simple review like the present to attempt any such survey of the literature of Germany, but (speaking generally, and drawing rough outlines which may suffice for our purpose), it may be said that its poetry is divided by the landmarks of three great historic eras. The *first* period was that of the troubadours, or minnesingers—the exponents of the chivalry of the middle ages; the *second* may be called didactic, or philosophic, when the spirit of inquiry or intellectual wonder began to assert itself.

On the importance of these two periods it is unnecessary to enlarge. The rudiments of poetry are presented to us in the wild expressions of passion and enthusiastic gesticulation of all ignorant and savage tribes. In the earlier, as well as in the middle ages, poetical composition was generally employed as the most useful medium for the transmission to posterity of cotemporary or traditionary events, and the art thus became the most important instrument for the transmission of knowledge, or of moral teaching. 'Poetry,' says Montgomery, 'was the first fixed form of language—the earliest perpetration of thought. Anterior to the discovery of letters, it was employed to communicate the lessons of wisdom, to celebrate the achievements of valour, and to promulgate the sanctions of law. Music was invented to accompany, and painting

and sculpture to illustrate it.' 'All human beings,' observes Mr. Macaulay, 'not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. . . . Metrical composition, therefore, which in a highly civilized nation is a mere luxury, is in a nation imperfectly civilized almost a necessity of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear than on account of the help which it gives to the memory.'

Such was the ballad poetry which the 'Romanticists' of modern Germany (with Ludwig Uhland one of the foremost amongst their ranks) have attempted to revive, deprecating in comparison the subjective and transcendental tendencies of our own days.

The *second* period of didactic, philosophic, and political poetry—when the tragic and comic 'Volks-bücher' (people's books) began to exercise an important influence in the struggles between the noblemen and the peasant—reached its climax with the Reformation of Luther, the science of Kepler, and the philosophy of Leibnitz. When the nation was depopulated and enfeebled by the disastrous consequences of the Thirty Years' War, poetry, as a rhythmic art, could flourish no longer. The age, as Mr. Carlyle would have expressed it, 'demanded clear speech,' and was incapable of 'being sung to' in its tumultuous agonies.

For a time Germany was given over to intellectual vagaries, to political pedantry, to theological speculation, and to hollow free-thinking. For a time its benighted condition was such as to justify the impertinent sarcasm of Father Bouhours, the facetious Jesuit, who thought it worth while to propound the question, 'Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit?' But this state of things did not last for ever. Action and reaction are amongst the most important laws which govern human progress, and while our English public was roused to exaggerated enthusiasm by the sentimental despair of a Byron, or the tawdry elegance of a Moore—while the French were still crowning with laurel leaves the statue of their sceptical and frivolous hero, Voltaire, a nobler and a truer spirit of poetry was already awakening in Germany. The impulse began under Frederic II., and was continued during the lifetime of Uhland. The influences which animated geniuses so unlike as Richter, Wieland, Kleist, Tieck, Herder, Novalis, Tiedge, Gesner, and Kotzebue (we quote names without attention to chronological succession, as types of various tastes), must have been singular for their diversity. The unsuspecting student is puzzled in seeking for connecting links amidst this maze of rhyme. The *first* period, or that of the 'Nibelungen Lied,' is easily characterized as the age of ballads and objective poetry. The *second* is also distinctive in its purposes and its results; but the uninitiated reader knows not how

to analyze this *third* period, with its mixture of metaphysics, conceits, excitable tragedy, tender melancholy, and, occasionally, even hilarious comedy. The fact is, that though the Baconian division of human knowledge into history, philosophy, and poetry, may be admitted to be essentially true, it was more true before Bacon's time than it has been since. In the former case it was true both in principle and in fact; in the latter, to a great extent, in principle only. The prose of Greece and Rome was considered to be the appropriate vehicle for the teaching of philosophy and history; while poetry was reserved exclusively for the language of the imagination and passions. If Aristotle and Cicero ever permitted a poetical parenthesis in the ordinary current of their language, or if Herodotus and Livy appear to accept ballads and legends as veritable portions of the historic narrative, and not as the natural offspring of an era of fables, it is clear that these authors exceeded the strict boundaries of their respective functions, in the same way as Hesiod erred on the other side in his 'Works and Days,' and Lucretius in his grand poem on the 'Nature of Things.' But the general tenour of ancient ordinances on this subject is obvious enough. On the other hand, the moderns recognise the distinctions of Bacon without observing them practically. The old barriers are recollected no longer, or honoured but in name. We have poetical prose, and we have prosaic poetry; grave monologues in rhyme, and sentimental disquisition in essays. True, it may be that history still sails dignifiedly on; but she has impressed into her service the profoundest resources of moral science to solve the complex problems of human nature—she peoples her canvas with the pencilled shadowings and varied hues of the cunning painter—she calls upon the orator and the poet to enlarge her sphere of influence, and to touch the subtle chords of sympathy and enthusiasm in the reader's heart. And as to philosophy and poetry, who shall say where the province of the one ends and that of the other begins—who shall define what rich possessions man has in both, or describe out of what mysterious web those materials are woven which meet some of our deepest wants and innermost needs?

The poets who lived and wrote during the youth of Uhland restricted themselves to no exact *status*, and to no peculiar sphere of thought. They enlarged the significance of poetry (as the etymology of the word amply justified them in doing) so as to include all those operations and media by which the imaginative faculties are reached.

How singularly rich was that literary epoch which reached its culmination while Uhland was yet in his teens! The dogmatism of Wolff had been overthrown by the subtle discrimination of Kant, and though the philosopher of Königsberg had commenced

a new phase of thought, without being able to govern it, so that in a short time, through the mystical deductions of Fichte, his name rested only on the ruins of his exploded system, yet what an impulse had been given by his acute and logical mind to the reflective powers of his countrymen! In the sphere of poetry Göthe was astonishing his contemporaries by the tragic horrors of 'Faust,' or delighting them by the pastoral simplicity of that masterpiece of art, his 'Hermann and Dorothea.' Schiller was charming the ear of the public by his musical ballads, and obtaining by the publication of his 'Wallenstein,' and 'William Tell'—not (as Mrs. Hannah More supposed) the enviable power of inciting the old nobility of Germany to rob in the forests of Bohemia, but a lasting position for his name among the classics of his native country. On a lower platform of importance were Wieland, with his eloquence and wit; Herder, with his graphic power, but occasional carelessness; Novalis, with his dreamy sweetness and his mystical piety; Körner, with his discriminative skill and critical acumen; Bürger, with his vivid language and spirited versification; Tieck, with his imaginative power and depth of feeling; Kleist, with his tragic fire and morbid melancholy; and Huber, who fell a victim to his immense exertions and his extraordinary literary labours. Frederick II. had looked coldly upon the native genius of his countrymen, and had earnestly hoped that their roughnesses might be ameliorated by association with centralized and conventional France. But just when France was in the agonies of her political struggles, and when the horrors which surrounded her had deadened the hearts of her people, the impulse which had been commenced in Germany, by the power of such men as Lessing and Klopstock, was reaching its most wonderful height. No longer was the artificial excitement of Kotzebue to be accepted as genuine, for Schlegel was directing against him the thunders of his cannonry. Jean Paul Richter was collecting his suggestive ideas, and moulding them into the form of a theoretical system of 'Æsthetics.' Nor was the art of music at a standstill. Glück was pouring out his genial composition, the 'Iphigenia,' and the year 1801 was inaugurated by the performance of Haydn's 'Creation' at Weimar.

Amidst influences such as these was Uhland destined to be educated. But his entrance into public life dates from a later period, when sympathy with the 'Romanticists' of modern France, and an overwhelming horror of that cold and conventional system which was condemned under the name of 'classical,' had caused a schism between the poets of his native land. Theodore Mundt, Heinrich Heine, and Ludwig Börne were among the leading representatives of the men who styled themselves by the name of 'Young Germany,' and the influences of this party may be plainly

seen upon the writings of Ludwig Uhland. Like others, he endeavoured to revive the spirit of the middle ages, and the introduction of ballads appeared to him to be an important means for accomplishing this purpose.

Uhland was not a writer of the highest merit. He knew nothing of the reflective grandeur of our English Wordsworth, or the mystical depth of thinkers like Tennyson. He could not rise to ideal heights, and endeavour to solve the hidden mysteries of human nature like his predecessor Göthe. Nor could he paint the courageous energy of heroic passion, or endow the world of tragedy with his creative power, like the earnest and persevering Schiller. But he excelled in his own peculiar province of art, and as a lyric poet few could surpass him. He has not the art of writing works 'de longue haleine,' and his more elaborate pieces (such as 'Fortunatus and his Sons,' with the play of 'Ludwig der Baier'), are deficient in interest. But Uhland rarely attempts what he cannot perform, and the reader seldom wishes him to be otherwise than what he is. The simplicity of his mind is as charming as the geniality of his inspiration. He will give us pictures of the middle ages, and lyrics of the past; he will sing us high and noble songs of liberty, and in all he has a distinctive abhorrence of anything which is coarse or inelegant, and is forcibly attracted to what is good and true. An intense appreciation of what is beautiful in natural scenery, and a boundless sympathy with human nature, are equally apparent in his poetry. Love and friendship are indispensable to him, and he wishes all around him to participate in his joys. His simplicity is without weakness, his enthusiasm is without extravagance; he is almost childish in his unconsciousness of self, and thus it is that he pleases without an effort. He seldom touches upon the solemn subject of religion, but when he does so, it is in a tone of earnest reverence, and though his mind leans to the symbolic and mysterious, yet, in his case, we have no occasion to dread that high and holy subjects will be treated in a spirit of flippant or vapid speculation.

We cannot, however, do much to enlighten our readers by merely describing the manner of Uhland in terms of approval, or unmeaning panegyric. We must rather attempt to set the man himself, with all his beauties, peculiarities, and failings, before those who cannot have access to his writings in the original. And to do this we must have recourse to the form of translation. The best and most striking of his ballads have already become familiar to the public through the characteristic rendering of Mr. Longfellow, and are too well known to need repetition here. Of these, the most beautiful of all is said to be translated by an unknown hand, although it is introduced into 'Hyperion.' The concluding stanza of this

poem is almost unique for the gracefulness of its sentiment, and is as familiar to our ears as Göthe's 'Kennst du das Land?' or Schiller's 'Bell.' We give it in the original:—

'Nimm nur Fahrmann, nimm die Miethe,
Dich ich gerne dreifach biete;
Zween, die mit wir überfahren,
Waren geistige Naturen.'

The differences between the geniuses of different languages, and the difficulties of entering into the spirit of the original writer, present almost insuperable obstacles to the fair translation of foreign poetry, so that such new settings of the rarest jewels are judged by many critics to be almost valueless. But when we cannot have recourse to the best wares in the market, we must be content with inferior merchandise, just as those who can never gaze on the masterpieces of Raphael, or of Guido, must be willing to obtain some hint of their perfection through the feeble rendering of the copyist.

We will give a few examples to illustrate the appreciation of landscape scenery which we have imputed to Uhland. One of the leading peculiarities of modern poetry is doubtless to be found in its descriptive power and its careful word-painting. It is not to the ancients, or to the poets of the Renaissance, to whom we are to look for graphic delineation of inanimate creation, and for genuine love of flowers and trees. This is a peculiarity of modern growth, and is strikingly manifest in the poems of Uhland.

'THE CAPTIVE TO THE LARK.

'Thy quivering song,
Sweet lark, floats along,
As thou risest on wings o'er the meadow.
(From its fetters set free)
My heart sings with thee,
And flutters to sunshine from shadow.

'Thy soft notes are over,
And dipping in clover,
Thou droopest, and ceasest thy trilling.
My pulses beat fast
No longer—at last
Grief returneth, my weary heart filling.'

'TO MY NATIVE VALLEY.

'Smiling, calm, sequestered valley,
All thy secrets best I know,
Breezes all my powers rally
Where thy rippling waters flow.
Once I sported in thy sunshine,
In my childhood's happy hours,
Twining garlands from thy woodbine,
'Mid thy firmament of flowers.

'Here I find my long-lost daisies,
And I live my love again,
While I sit and sing her praises,
Glad, ignoring all my pain.
So 'tis oft the sights around us
Fill the coldest hearts with joy :
Nature's mother-hand hath found us,
Free from all the world's alloy.

'When earth's burdens press my spirit,
Then I'll seek thy kindly shade ;
Let me still some joy inherit,
Where my childish footsteps strayed.
When my heart is worn and dreary,
Take me to thy loving breast,
Fold me in thine arms, and weary,
Let me sink in peaceful rest.'

'THE WANDERER.

'I wander in the gloomy land,
I roam amid the starless night,
The cold wind whistles round the strand,
The crescent moon withdraws her light.
Oft have I turned my steps this way,
When cooling zephyrs fanned my brows,
And sunbeams, in their jocund play,
Illumined all the leafy boughs.

'I wander 'mid the shadowy trees ;
The leaves lie scattered on the ground,
The branches murmur in the breeze,
And death and gloom are all around.
Yet oftentimes my love and I,
We roamed amid the roses here,
When stars were shining in the sky,
And birds had ceased their warbling clear.

'Alas ! the sunbeams fade away,
And now the roses cease to bloom ;
For gone is all the light of day,
Since they have borne her to the tomb !
I roam amid the gloomy land,
I wrap my cloak about my head,
The storm-winds howl around the strand,
For life is gone, and hope is dead.'

There is no want of humanity about the poems of Uhland. We wander through woods and fields, we climb up snowy hill-tops, we wade knee-deep among luxuriant flowers, we listen to the clear streams babbling over the smooth stones, we sit beneath the jagged-leaved vines, we see the sun set in a glow of magnificence, and the stars one by one taking their places like silent sentinels in the dusky sky, and yet man is never forgotten. There is no dreary

wilderness, such as would have pleased the sulky spirit of Byron. It is a touch of human nature which is needed to 'make the whole world akin,' for, as Mrs. Browning tells us—

'A star's a cold thing to a human heart,
And love is better than their radiance.'

Of such love our poet delights to treat, rather perhaps in the old pictorial and sentimental style, but a style which is genuine in its unsuspecting simplicity. Thackeray, in his 'Esmond,' indulges in some bitter sarcasms on the 'tender longing' and 'golden time of first love,' spoken of in Schiller's 'Bell.' According to him, the first passions of men and women are generally abortive, and as we grow older in worldly wisdom, we live to smile at the contemptible enthusiasm of ourselves in youth. No persons, says Thackeray, are so hypocritical as the young, or so affected and untrue in their behaviour to each other. But these simple and somewhat sentimental Germans did not think so, nor did they see why practical knowledge of mankind should necessarily engender suspicion or hate, or why familiarity should breed indifference and aversion. They sang unsuspectingly in their simple faith; nor need their verses always raise our laughter.

'THE GARLAND.

'Mid the herb besprinkled meadows,
Went a maiden, plucking flowers;
Came a beauteous Spirit wandering,
From the forest's leafy bowers.

'Smiling to the child, she hastened,
Twin'd a garland in her hair;
Said, "'Tis barren, but the blossoms
Soon will open: keep it there!"

'When the moon was shining clearly,
Weeping with a new delight,
Forth the maiden wandered dreaming,
And the buds appeared that night.

'But the soft and opening flowerets
Peeped amid the petals gay,
First when her betrothed had led her,
Blushing on her wedding day.

'When the tender babe was sleeping,
Rocked upon its mother's breast;
Twining crept the soft green tendrils—
With gold fruit her brow was pressed.

When the grave had stretch'd its shadow,
And her joy had pass'd away,
Then the withered petals floating,
Hung amid her tresses grey.

‘Soon she lay, all cold and lifeless,
With that wreath that bloom’d no more,
Strange! there came a radiant lustre,
And the stem new blossoms bore!’

‘THE INNKEEPER’S DAUGHTER.

‘Three students met on the banks of the Rhine,
And merrily called at an inn for wine.
“Kind Hostess, we see you have wine, but where
Have you hidden the maid with her golden hair?”
“My viands are fresh, and my wine is clear,
My daughter is lying on her death bier.”
Awestruck, they entered the chamber of gloom,
Where the corpse was deck’d in its shroud for the tomb.
The first drew the face-cloth—uncovered the face,
As if sculptured she lay in her maidenly grace.
“Ah, couldst thou but live, I would make thee my wife,
And leave my rank’s pride for the joy of my life!”
But gently the second recovered the dead,
And sighed as he left her with sorrowful tread.
“Alas, I have loved thee for many a year,
And never can whisper the news in thine ear!”
The third, stooping lowly, uplifted the cloth,
And pressed on her lips the last sign of his troth.
“Thou wert ever my love, and thou art my own still,
For death not the soul, but the body can kill!”’

The revival of ballad poetry had commenced in Germany at an earlier date than the period at which Uhland wrote. We have already referred to the ballads of Bürger and of Schiller. The former were remarkable for their vivid word-painting, and the latter for their artistic finish. In an age when the dominance of the subjective element becomes almost wearisome in a style of poetry which treats of thought and subtle sentiment, rather than of high and noble deeds, an occasional variation like the ballad is felt to be a healthy relief. In ballads, events should be memorialized without that careful analysing of motive and feeling which often degenerates into heaviness. The style should be popular, but not vulgar or plebeian. If the subject of ‘love’ be introduced it should be skilfully kept in the background; for every ballad should be a picture to the imagination, in which the subjective element should be excluded, and the individuality of the writer kept out of view. Thus the lyric, though of a smaller compass than the epic poem, may be complete (*selbständig*) in itself—and much will depend on the manner of its treatment. In this suggestive manner Uhland undoubtedly excelled. The richness of his metres, and the harmonious flow of his language, heightened the interest of his simple and unaffected style.

The poems translated by Longfellow (the ‘Black Knight,’ the ‘Castle by the Sea,’ and the ‘Luck of Edenhall,’) are perhaps

the most striking of these ballads, but others of minor interest still remain.

These may be generally divided into two classes—first, the class of fables or chivalric tales, in which the poem is in itself a picture, and the skill of the poet is shown in keeping the thread of the narrative clear, and in maintaining the interest to the end; and secondly, the more important class, in which the external form of poetry is made subservient to some deep emotion or religious feeling, which is often conveyed with a measure of mystical obscurity. As an instance of the former style, we cite the following ballads, in which the main interest is involved in the recital of the story. The first (entitled ‘The Gallant Comrade,’) has already been rendered into familiar doggerel as one of the melodies which excited so great a sensation when sung by the ‘Cologne Choral Union.’ The second (which may be called the ‘Serenade,’ or the ‘Midnight Visitor,’) is a fair example of one of those slight sketches, or mere outlines of a tale, which the reader may fill up by the aid of his own imagination, and to which Uhland was partial.

‘ THE GALLANT COMRADE.

‘ I had a gallant comrade,
A better could not be ;
The drums beat loud to battle,
We heard the cannons rattle,
And he kept step with me.
‘ A ball came whizzing by us,
“ Is it for me or thee ? ”
It pierced his heart—he staggered,
And fell down pale and haggard,
As if a part of me.
‘ And while I held my gun,
He stretched his trembling hand—
“ Thy hand I cannot take,
But yet do not forsake
Me in the better land ! ” ’

‘ THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

‘ In the cold night, still and moonless,
‘ Neath the balcony he came ;
Sang with more than mortal sweetness
Serenades which bore my name.
‘ Then with unknown foes contended,
Striking boldly with his spear,
Till the fiery sparks flew upwards,
And the echoes sounded drear.
‘ Thus he did his devoir nobly,
As to high-born dames is due,
Till my heart with love was glowing,
For the stranger tried and true.

' Shudd'ring, I looked out at morning,
For the knight of high degree ;
Naught was left for me to gaze on,
But his life-blood shed for me ! '

These little ballads are sufficiently unambitious, but they serve to show how Uhland embodied the national taste of the commonalty of Germany, peopling every ruined tower or massive castle with shadows of the past, and seeking everywhere for old tales and legends. He lives in the middle ages, which are not 'dark' to him, but replete with life and interest, and 'bright with the halo of romance.' Hence, his poems resemble those of the ancient troubadours, in treating of themes of love and martial interest. His heroes are the sturdy old Northmen of the past. They are personifications of solid, unbending duty, without unnecessary pomp and parade. Other enthusiasts would have agreed with Uhland in this sentimental admiration for the chivalry of the past. Disraeli would have sighed with him for the age of stately manners long since gone by ; and Elia would have joined him in mourning at the decay of that gallant sentiment, which is supposed to have been once as indigenous among peasants as among nobles. But we cannot join in the cry, or long for the return of a period when the virtues of the hero stood out in strong relief against the brutality and barbarism of those who surrounded him. The bards of the past sang of the glories of the individual, and celebrated the god-like Achilles, brooding alone over his victories and conquests ; but our Christian poetry appeals to the heart of the masses, and not to the single, isolated man.

Of the second class of Uhland's ballads—those which are intended to convey some high moral lesson, or some deep sentiment—we instance the following :—

' FAITHFUL WALTER.

' Knight Walter rode upon his steed
To mass and daily prayer ;
A woman knelt beside the way,
Unbound her flowing hair.
" Oh wait ! oh wait ! Canst thou not hear
That voice which once thou deemst so clear,
And callst ' sweet melody ? ' "

" Whom do I see ? The perjured maid
That once I deemed my own ?
Where hast thou left thy silken robes,
Thy gold—each precious stone ? "
" Oh, when I left thy faithful love
I lost my Eden, and above
No Paradise had I ! "

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That once I deemed my own ?
Where hast thou left thy silken robes,
Thy gold—each precious stone ? "
" Oh, when I left thy faithful love
I lost my Eden, and above
No Paradise had I ! "

' Gravely he stooped and raised her up,
 With pity there to ride ;
 Her slight white arms were both outstretched,
 And then she sadly sighed,
 " Dost thou not hear my beating heart,
 In all my grief thou hast no part—
 Hast not a word of cheer ? "

' They reached the castle, but the sounds
 Of merriment had fled ;
 She loosed his helmet—lo ! the face
 Was fix'd, as of the dead !—
 " Thy cheeks are pale—thine eyes are dim ;
 Thy brow is ploughed with furrows grim ;
 But thou wast ne'er so dear ! "

' She stooped and loosed his armour bright ;—
 " What bodes this gloom ? Alack !
 Thou mournst for some beloved friend :
 Put off this dismal black ! "
 " I mourn, and hopeless is my grief ;
 Nor life nor death can bring relief,
 Nought my true love restore ! "

' She sank down at his feet—low down ;
 And bitterly she wept.
 " Ah, pity ! I have suffered too,
 And watched while others slept !
 Oh, take me back and let me rest
 But once upon thy loving breast,
 And all be as before ! "

' " Stand up, stand up, unhappy child ;
 I cannot raise thee now ;
 My arms are weak, my heart is cold,
 And it is dead I trow.
 Thy soul must ever be forlorn,
 Or like my own with sorrow torn ;
 For love is gone, for love is gone,
 And can return no more ! " '

' THE SUNKEN CROWN.

' Upon the summit of the hill
 There stands a peasant's cot,
 Streams, woods, and vales are stretching round—
 It is a pleasant spot.
 At eventide the peasant sits
 Beside the flowery meads,
 And as he whets his sickle sharp,
 He prays, or tells his beads.

' And far beneath the grassy bank,
 There lies a sunken well,
 And in the well with weeds o'ergrown
 A golden coronal.

Sapphires and pearls entombed in mud,
For years unsought have lain;
The rubies glitter, but the crown
Will grace no brow again!

'THE LOST CHURCH.'

'The wood is filled with ghostly sighs,
Tollings of bells borne on the breeze,
And sobbings, weird and strange, that rise
(One knows not whence), and stir the trees.
A glorious church they say was lost,
And still its bells will faintly chime,
As though the pilgrim's step yet crossed
The path with weeds o'ergrown in time.

'Twas once I trod the lonesome way,
And though no mortal else was near,
Amid the brambles far away
That magic tolling I could hear.
Little I cared what risk might be,
For at each sound my heart beat high,
And bent that riddle solved to see,
I hoped and feared I knew not why.

'Transported with th' unearthly sound,
All my brain swam, my pulses beat—
(I must have passed that rugged ground
With other than my mortal feet).
It seems as if in trance I spent
Some hundred years of human time;
I saw such sights as are unkent
By natives of this grosser clime.

'The heavens were azure, rich and clear,
And never shone the sun more bright.
A spell-built minster pile stood near,
Bathed in a flood of magic light.
Two fleecy clouds on either side,
Like wingèd cherubs raised it high,
The steeple's height seemed to divide,
And permeate the holiest sky.

'The bells like angel-tones were rung,
Vibrating from each stately wall
(And not by mortal hands were hung
Those wires whose sounds could so appal).
But all at once my throbbing heart
Was by some master-impulse stilled,
And in the aisles I trod apart,
With trembling joy my soul was thrilled.

'In human speech I could not tell
All that I saw in that blest shrine.
The chastened twilight suited well,
With sculptured forms of maids divine

(The martyred saints of God), and soon
 There shone a flush of glowing light
 That brought a fresher life, like noon,
 And brighter worlds appeared to sight.

‘Then at the altar steps I knelt,
 My spirit filled with awe and love;
 A new and wondrous bliss I felt,
 While heaven’s glories shone above.
 And as I raised my eyes more high,
 The archèd dome was rent in twain,
 And untold visions passed me by—
 No veils could interpose again.

‘But all the glorious sounds and sights,
 The trumpet’s peal, the organ’s swell;
 All that transports, all that delights
 Man’s soul—weak words can never tell.
 But if ye long such sights to see,
 Such holy harmonies to hear,
 Follow the tangled path, where ye
 May list that chiming soft and clear.’

Uhland’s admiration for the spirit of the middle ages has an unfortunate effect upon his religious sentiment. He celebrates in picturesque rhymes the triumphs of monks and nuns. The same century which honoured the heroes, knew also how to laud the hermits—those who abandoned all minor idols to worship the ‘insatiable Moloch’ of self—those who, not daring to lift up their eyes unto heaven, yet managed to look down on their fellow-men.

The Old dispensation, as it has been remarked, was careful to manifest its horror of mutilated sacrifices. It is the *whole* man, perfect in all his social relationships, and not shunning the performance of duty in a spirit of cowardice, who makes the best Christian. Yet Uhland’s sentiment is sometimes pleasing, even when it is mystical and apparently unmeaning. He speaks of heavenly love as compared with the earthly.

‘Thou art in youth and age the same,
 Thou canst our aching bosoms fill,
 An ever-burning vestal flame,
 On the heart’s altar clear and still.’

To our mind, however, the following verses are amongst some of the weakest which he has penned :—

‘THE NUN.

‘In the garden of the cloister
 Went a maiden clothed in white,
 With the moonlight pallid, glimmering
 On her cheek with silvery light :

From the silken eyelids creeping,
Just one tear appeared to sight.

'Death, I thank thee, that thy sickle
Has not spared my own true love.
Now he is an angel saintly
In the golden fanes above.
Nor need memory now be sinful,
For the pure I dare to love!'

'Forth she walked with tottering footsteps,
To Madonna's sculptured shrine;
There it stands in mystic beauty,
Where the moonbeams faintly shine,
With the mother's look of meekness
Fixed upon the child divine.

'And she sinks there in her gladness,
Gazing at the quiet sky;
Till the eyelid, softly drooping,
Dims with mist the loving eye,
And the dark veil, gently stirring,
Drapes her form in life's last sigh.'

'THE MONK AND THE SHEPHERD.'

'*Monk.* Why standst thou here in grief apart,
Sad Shepherd, answer me?
Mine is a sorrow-stricken heart,
And I can feel for thee.

'*Shepherd.* Canst ask me why? Dost thou behold
My own beloved vale?
The fields are barren, drear, and cold,
The fairest blossoms fail.

'*Monk.* And is this all? What is thy grief
But a deceptive dream?
New buds will soon adorn each leaf,
And bask in sunlight's beam.

'Seest thou that cross, at which I bow
My worn and weary knees?
'Tis leafless in the spring as now,
That martyr knows no ease!'

'CELESTIAL LOVE.'

'In love's delights ye lie engrossed;
The tempting fruits of earth allure;
Yet I, possessing least, have most,
And I excel in riches pure!

'Earth's pleasures will I all resign,
A willing martyr—turn my eye
Up far above where glories shine,
And heaven's joys unfolded lie.'

To the mind of Uhland, as might have been expected, the epoch of the Crusades was not wanting in interest; and there was

no fraternity like that which was caused by the presence of a common enemy, the hostility of a common foe. The page of history, he would have said, furnishes no other such mighty brotherhood as that which arose for the defence of the holy sepulchre against the Infidel. In the following lines it must be admitted that he has framed a graceful, though fanciful apology for the sentiment which inspired this war.

‘TO THE INVISIBLE.

‘Thou whom we seek upon our clouded way,
Trying to catch a gleam from Thy dear face,
In holy mystery Thou didst not stay,
But cast the veil, that men might view Thy grace.

‘Oh, highly favoured they who once could rest
Their eyes, unblinded by their tears, on Thee;
Oh, blessed he that laid upon Thy breast;
Happy the souls Thy heavenly voice set free!

‘It was not strange that pilgrims hastened far,
And armies at Thy grave made holy war;
For who could leave the land that Thy dear blood made red,
Or cease to kiss the earth once hallowed by Thy tread?’

In delicate fragments and poetic *morceaux* the writings of Uhland abound. It would be possible to cull innumerable quotations from his remarks on natural scenery, and on the mysteries of life and death, did only our limits permit; but we must content ourselves with but a few.

‘THE POET’S FATE.

‘Ah, Fate! thy language is too plain,
The real is not my fortune. ’Tis but dreams
That bring me fadeless flowers. All other gleams
Dazzle, but end in lasting pain;
Yet every grief brings me a song again.’

‘RUINS.

‘Wanderer, rest amid the ruins, and may thy dreams be sweet,
Restore the light of former days, build fragments at thy feet,
To pristine beauty back again—such task for thee is meet.’

‘MOTHER AND CHILD.

‘*Mother.* For thy dear brother in the sky the holy angels came,
Because he never made me sigh, and never was to blame.

‘*Child.* That I in thy dear arms may stay, and not go with a ghost,
Teach me, my mother darling, pray, how I may vex thee most.’

There is a good-humoured playfulness about the last lines not altogether foreign to the manner of Uhland, as may be seen by the following pretty picture:—

‘THE TWO SISTERS.

‘I saw two maidens on a mountain bank,
Their faces innocent, their manners kind.
They gazed far off upon the sunlit hills;
Their soft white arms were sisterly entwined.
‘While one was pointing to the silver streams,
The other watched the golden sunbeams play,
Resting her brow upon her slender hand,
To shield her blue eyes from the scorching ray.
‘Happy were he, I cried, who at their feet
Might make a third in company so sweet!
But no, on second thoughts, I turned and left:
To steal a sister’s heart would be a theft!’

It is not, however, often that our poet indulges in anything jocose. He is more at home on solemn and mysterious subjects. When he enlarges on the splendours of natural scenery, he expresses it on one occasion that the soul is so overwhelmed with a sense of gladness and of peace, that it takes refuge in a holy silence, and would welcome death with joy. Truly he is no Sadducean, according to the worldly habit of men in the present day, who refer to the memory of the dead ‘rather than to their fellowship.’ Uhland not only looks forward to future re-union, but realizes the actual presence of the unseen. Let him express the sentiment for himself.

‘Often when I, musing sadly,
Think how lonely is my way,
Well-loved spirits see I gladly,
Near me by the light of day.’

Sadly Mrs. Browning wrote of love beneath the skies:—

‘The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices low and breathless;
“Till death us part” are words to be
Our best for love the deathless!’

But Uhland fears no such hopeless separation. Quaintly he expresses his belief in the existence of friends out of sight in the following somewhat ghastly lines. The whole passage smells of the grave-clothes, and gives too unchristian a picture of the disembodied state. Truer, in a certain sense, were the lines of Henry Vaughan:—

‘They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here.’

But we must take these of Uhland’s for no more than they are really worth. They are a fair sample of his power in a certain walk of art, and as such we may allow them to conclude this notice.

'SONNET.

' Apart from thee I sleep in cold decay,
 I hear no west winds stir the linden trees,
 No merry larks, no flowers scent the breeze,
 For where the grave-worms writhe no sunbeams stray.
 But when warm cheeks sink on the breast of sleep,
 From death's cold chains set free and winged by dreams,
 Quick as the lightning's flash o'er hills and streams
 My spirit meets thee, o'er the restless deep!
 Then where pale lilies and faint roses bloom,
 Impalpable as air, I pass all bars,
 Till in the garden where we loved I stand,—
 Sweet blossom! dost thou fear my icy hand?
 My damp breath wafts but love! Farewell! The stars
 Fade out—the cock's crow warns me to my tomb!'

The following lines are somewhat less heathenish in their character:—

'ON A GRAVESTONE.

' Those hands thou seest on this stone,
 Locked closely each in each, portray
 Heart-unions here on earth—love grown
 Fervent, but short, soon torn away
 From its far-reaching roots—doomed not to stay.
 This symbol shows the awful hour
 When struggling hands are wrenched apart,
 Yet paints th' eternal hopes that dower
 Undying souls, when heart is knit to heart.'

IV.

WILD WALES.*

THESE volumes are perhaps the most remarkably graphic ever penned by a tourist. All readers will expect from Mr. Borrow a strange book. He is a man of that bold, free character to whom adventures must come. A certain apocryphal haze sometimes seems to clothe his pages, and the forms that appear in them have a certain mythological appearance; but we are free to admit that this may be the result of

* *Wild Wales: its People, Language, and Scenery.* By George Borrow, Author of 'The Bible in Spain,' &c. In Three Volumes. London: John Murray.

the tameness of the reader's mind, rather than the inventiveness of the writer. Certainly he has produced a charming book on Wales; a most captivating book, full of knowledge, not only of Welsh and of Welsh Wales, but of many other things; full of adventures, and of very possible adventures, although we confess to having looked rather suspiciously on the meeting with Captain Bosvile. The reader who goes through these volumes may make the tour of Wales by his own fireside. The variety of character and of life is astonishing, and given with most vivid presentment; and the variety of homes and scenes, the life of the villagers, and the valleys, and the mountains, and conversations with men and women by cottage ingles and by road-sides. How is it that Wales has received so little justice from tourists and literaturists? How is it that its traditions and legends have never been thrown upon the broad, white sheet of letters, from the phantasmagoria of the poet's mind? We know almost more of any country on the face of the earth than we do of Wales. In a general way people have heard of Welsh bards, but who ever heard of any one of them, or of any of their lines? Scotland has had its poet and romancist. Every nook and corner of Westmoreland and Cumberland are laid bare and open to every vulgar eye. People say they are fond of finding some corner where some luxuries of vision may be purchased by roughing it a little, and scenes and characters found not too near to the *finesse* of cities and civilization. But few people ever turn to Wales. They go to it, indeed, along the highways; but Wales has its glorious and magnificent by-ways, paths where the lackadaisical dilettantic tourist and sketcher would not usually like to travel.

In 1837 Joseph Downes, in his most pleasant book, the 'Mountain Decameron,' said, Wales is, most strange to say, nearly unbroken ground in English literature. The 'Mountain Decameron' ought, and especially with the warm eulogy of Christopher North, to have made that only true once; but it is true still. Wales is unbroken ground: it is another country. It is not a troublesome country, and therefore excites no attention. Rude, simple, natural, independent, the people follow their own course far away from the great events of the world, and out of hearing for the most part. There are hollows among the hills to which the railway whistle has not penetrated; whither the penny postman does not travel; to which the newspaper seldom finds its way. There are *carned dan* ruins amongst which sentimental idlers have never visited. There are wrecks of castles and abbeys crumbling unheeded to the dust. It has been truly said that the very nomenclature of Wales

involves poetry and historical romance, and often deep tragedy. The names of villages have a whisper of fabulous and traditional times, and are like the half-effaced hieroglyphs upon an old Egyptian tomb. There is the *Fynnon Waedog* (Bloody Well), the *Paul of Gwaye* (the Hollow of Woe), the *Maen Acuwynfau* (the Stone of Lamentation and Weeping), the *Leysau Gwaed Gwyr* (the Plant of the Blood of Man). Villages and fields with names like these, all point to some buried tragedy long holding its place in the heart and terror of the neighbourhood; and Mr. Borrow has, with a most vivid interest in many instances through his pages, trimmed his well-used and well-burnished etymologic lamp, exposing by its aid forgotten names, and visiting and identifying associations and scenes.

The reader will find the volumes of Mr. Borrow rich in the chronicles of forgotten worthies—forgotten worthies, say rather, who beyond their own little mountain region were never known. He made pilgrimages to the shrines of poets whose verses have never sounded beyond their own small circle. Mr. Borrow does not worship by halves, and he does worship the noted and the known Gronwy Owen, the learned, the eloquent, and the meek poor schoolmaster and curate under Douglas Bishop of Salisbury for twenty-three pounds a year. Poor, glorious Gronwy Owen, whose only ambition was to be a Welsh curate, and to fill the pulpit of Llanfair, compelled to vacate his post for a young clergyman of independent fortune, a Mr. John Ellis; in fact, obliged to accept a mastership of a school at New Brunswick, in North America, with an income of three hundred pounds a year, to save himself from starvation. 'Truly in this world,' says our writer, 'the full shall be crammed, and those who have little shall have the little which they have taken away from them.' It is very affecting to think of him: a poor peasant lad, emerging with honour from his Oxford college course, the first Welsh poet of his age, writing his noble and stirring words and verses in his mother-tongue, but cast out from labour in his country, where all his affections were, irreproachable, holy, only able to renew in his heart the words of old affection by communion with the pen, and voyaging away to spend his life on other shores. Very few of our readers, we will be bound to say, ever heard of Twm Shone Catti, the Rob Roy of Wales; for of Wales also it may be said, as of him,—

'She has a thief as good,
She has her own Rob Roy.'

We were no strangers to the achievements of the gentleman

along the very road where our traveller became acquainted with them: there did we also listen to the wild stories of the great Welsh thief, who united something of the Rob Roy with still more of the Bampfield Moore Carew. It is true that many of the actions attributed to him are myths, told of particular individuals of every country, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. Mr. Borrow finds some told of the Irish thief Delany, and some of Klim, the Russian robber. Twm, or Tom, ended his days indeed in peace, persuaded a lady of wealth by somewhat forcible arguments to marry him, and was elevated to the bench of magistrates, in spite of a multitude of tricks all like the following for ingenuity and boldness:—

‘Once a strong and resolute man, a farmer, who conceived, and very justly, that Tom had abstracted a bullock from his stall, came to Tregaron well armed, in order to seize him. Riding up to the door of Tom’s mother, he saw an aged and miserable-looking object, with a beggar’s staff and wallet, sitting on a stone bench beside the door. “Does ‘Tom Shone Catti live here?” said the farmer. “O yes: he lives here,” replied the beggar. “Is he at home?” “O yes, he is at home.” “Will you hold my horse whilst I go in and speak to him?” “O yes, I will hold your horse.” Thereupon the man dismounted, took a brace of pistols out of his holsters, gave the cripple his horse’s bridle and likewise his whip, and entered the house boldly. No sooner was he inside than the beggar, or rather Tom Shone Catti, for it was he, jumped on the horse’s back, and rode away to the farmer’s house, which was some ten miles distant, altering his dress and appearance as he rode along, having various articles of disguise in his wallet. Arriving at the house, he told the farmer’s wife that her husband was in the greatest trouble, and wanted fifty pounds, which she was to send by him, and that he came mounted on her husband’s horse, and brought his whip, that she might know he was authorized to receive the money. The wife seeing the horse and the whip, delivered the money to Tom without hesitation, who forthwith made the best of his way to London, where he sold the horse, and made himself merry with the price, and with what he got from the farmer’s wife, not returning to Wales for several months.’

Most of the prophets whose names and tombs Mr. Borrow garnishes and glorifies will be quite unknown to the majority of our readers: we believe they are even unknown to the majority of their countrymen. But the memory of them is very interesting. Our writer indeed goes off into dithyrambics and heroics over their graves; and we have not so much objection to these ecstasies, being rather sentimental shrine hunters and worshippers ourselves; but we must set down much of Mr. Borrow’s splenetic expletive to a kind of snobbery, from which we sup-

pose none can be altogether free. If he looks about him he will find that admiration for genius is possible in the England at which he takes every opportunity of sneering—perhaps he might find really as much admiration as in Wild Wales. Alas! the strife for life is so much more intense with us; and it is not so much the decision for plain living and high thinking—it is the choice between the all-absorbing workshop and countinghouse and the union or the workhouse. We think also our writer should have enlarged the gallery of his heroes. Did he ever hear of William Edwards, farmer and bridge-builder—Pontifex, first pontiff of Wales? Unfortunately, he was an Independent preacher—fatal fact to all eulogy from our gipsy laureat. Giraldus and Taliesin even escape our author's regards; while for Vavasour Powell, and Howell Harris, and Charles of Bala, and Walter Cradock, we fear he would only have a kind of cordial contempt. Moreover, does he not know that the great Welsh preachers were a kind of Christian Welsh bards? Christmas Evans, for instance, was a bard: he had the grandeur, passion, allegory of a bard; swayed the feelings of his audiences with wild poetic raptures and pictures like a bard, but always for Divine purposes. We notice these omissions in our writer: they show to us that he did not look deep enough; did not cast a glance wide enough upon the moral scene around him; and while it is his pleasure to glorify the Church of England, as he has a perfect right to use his genius to glorify the Church of his affections, he who knows Wales so well ought to know that it was through manifold persecutions that Nonconformists saved the people of Wales from becoming hogs and atheists. Wales has nothing to thank Church of Englandism for save ignorance, neglect, persecution, and contempt. Such sentences as the following, and they are numerous, do not adorn the book, and they detract from our impressions of the character of the writer:—

‘The country looked poor and mean—on my right was a field of oats, on my left a Methodist chapel—oats and Methodism! what better symbols of poverty and meanness?’

Again:—

“Seeing an ancient-looking hostelry, I made at once for it. In a large and comfortable kitchen I found a middle-aged woman seated by a huge deal table, near a blazing fire, with a couple of large books open before her. Sitting down on a chair I told her in English to bring me a pint of ale. She did so, and again sat down to her books, which, on inquiry, I found to be a Welsh Bible and Concordance. We soon got into discourse about religion, but did not exactly agree, for she was a bitter Methodist, as bitter as her beer, only half of which I could get down.’

But we can believe that bad ale would at any time convict a character of every sin in our author's estimation. Evidently from many places the possession of good ale is his gauge of moral excellence.

We cannot quite make out our author. Sometimes he looks like a very bitter bigot. He evidently has a cordial dislike to Methodists: this breaks out whenever he finds an opportunity to indulge it. Sometimes it becomes a funny kind of bigotry, as in his queer story of the ecclesiastical cat, a poor, wretched creature, dreadfully attenuated, sorely affected with an eruptive malady, and little more than skin and bone. It had belonged to some previous vicar of the parish who had left. His successor had driven it forth: no friend, no home, no refuge. Almost all the people of the town and neighbourhood were Dissenters, and knowing the cat to be a Church cat, would not harbour it. 'Oh,' exclaims our author, 'there never was a cat so persecuted as that poor Church of England animal, and solely on account of the opinions it was supposed to have imbibed in the house of its late master. The Dissenters were not in the habit of persecuting other cats, but this was a Church of England cat, that was enough.' It led this shocking life nearly for two years, hated by all, till instinct led it to the family of Mr. Borrow, beneath whose roof it ate and drank, and soon began to purr. It had always flown in the face of our author's landlady, but now looked in her face, as much as to say, 'I don't fear you, for I know that I am now safe and among my own people.' And in fact, it was saved. Yes, it is quite evident that our wanderer has no opinion of Dissenters in Wales. Yet perhaps there are some circumstances it might have been well for him to have noticed. He takes no notice of any great man Wales has produced who did not belong to the Church of England. We must tell him that in this he has omitted some features which might have added greatly to the interest of his book. He is fond of reviving the memory of the bards. We must tell him that many of those preachers were genuine bardic men, Christmas Evans especially. Why did he not pick up some of his sermons? Why did he not get described to him one of those mighty gatherings where Christmas Evans kindled the imaginations and affections of his auditors? And there were many other such men. We are sorry to see such a man as Mr. Borrow sink into a mere narrow-minded sectary after all. Again we say, he ought to have made himself acquainted with the fact, that but for the Methodism he so bitterly despises, Wales would have been a millionfold darker than at this present. It is not Church of Englandism which has kept intelligence and piety alive there, but men to whose tombs he pays no

pilgrimage, indeed of whose very existence he has not informed himself. Sometimes, however, he meets with a scene which almost constrains him to worship even in a conventicle, as in the following. He says, 'I found myself by the farm-house.'

'An aged woman sat on a stool by the door.

"A fine evening," said I in English.

"Dim Saesneg;" said the aged woman.

"O, the blessing of being able to speak Welsh," said I; and then repeated in that language what I had said to her in the other tongue.

"I dare say," said the aged woman, "to those who can see."

"Can you not see?"

"Very little. I am almost blind."

"Can you not see me?"

"I can see something tall and dark before me; that is all."

"Can you tell me the name of the bridge?"

"Pont y Glyn blin—the bridge of the glen of trouble."

"And what is the name of this place?"

"Pen y bont—the head of the bridge."

"What is your own name?"

"Catherine Hughes."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen after three twenties."

"I have a mother three after four twenties; that is eight years older than yourself."

"Can she see?"

"Better than I—she can read the smallest letters."

"May she long be a comfort to you!"

"Thank you—are you the mistress of the house?"

"I am the grandmother."

"Are the people in the house?"

"They are not—they are at the chapel."

"And they left you alone?"

"They left me with my God."

"Is the chapel far from here?"

"About a mile."

"On the road to Cerrig y Drudion?"

"On the road to Cerrig y Drudion."

'I bade her farewell, and pushed on—the road was good, with high rocky banks on each side. After walking about the distance indicated by the old lady I reached a building, which stood on the right-hand side of the road, and which I had no doubt was the chapel from a half-groaning, half-singing noise which proceeded from it. The door being open I entered, and stood just within it, bare-headed. A rather singular scene presented itself. Within a large dimly-lighted room a number of people were assembled, partly seated in rude pews, and partly on benches. Beneath a kind of altar, a few yards from the door, stood three men—the middlemost

was praying in Welsh in a singular kind of chant, with his arms stretched out. I could distinguish the words, "Jesus descend among us! sweet Jesus descend among us—quickly." He spoke very slowly, and towards the end of every sentence dropped his voice, so that what he said was anything but distinct. As I stood within the door a man dressed in coarse garments came up to me from the interior of the building, and courteously and in excellent Welsh, asked me to come with him and take a seat. With equal courtesy but far inferior Welsh, I assured him that I meant no harm, but wished to be permitted to remain near the door, whereupon with a low bow he left me. When the man had concluded his prayer the whole of the congregation began singing a hymn, many of the voices were gruff and discordant, two or three, however, were of great power, and some of the female ones of surprising sweetness—at the conclusion of the hymn another of the three men by the altar began to pray, just in the same manner as his comrade had done, and seemingly using much the same words. When he had done there was another hymn, after which, seeing that the congregation was about to break up, I bowed my head towards the interior of the building, and departed.

'Emerging from the hollow way I found myself on a moor over which the road lay in the direction of the north. Towards the west at an immense distance, rose a range of stupendous hills, which I subsequently learned were those of Snowdon—about ten minutes' walking brought me to Cerrig y Drudion, a small village near a rocky elevation, from which, no doubt, the place takes its name, which interpreted, is the Rock of Heroes.'

We do not doubt our author's reverence for things sacred and things true. We wish him a larger vision and heart. He is not able to love many things, and seems to be able to love nothing cut out after another pattern to that he has made for himself.

His account of that excellent clergyman Rees Pritchard is good—the author of the 'Welshman's Candle,' and how frequently the Welshman's candle. He was educated at Oxford, and when appointed vicar of Llandovery was so inveterate a drunkard that his parishioners said of him, 'Bad as we may be, we are not half so bad as the parson!' This was in the very early part of the seventeenth century. He spent the greater part of his time in the public-house, and was usually trundled home in a wheel-barrow in a state of utter insensibility. His conversion was brought about in a remarkable manner. He was converted by a large he-goat. Strange are the means of salvation—true illustrations of the foolish things that confound the wise. One day, in the midst of his orgies, the vicar called the goat to him and offered it some ale. The creature, far from refusing it, drank it greedily, soon became intoxicated, and fell down on the floor. There it lay quivering, to the great delight

of Pritchard. He turned it into jest, but his companions were struck with horror. He soon became drunk himself, and was trundled home to the vicarage in the usual manner. He was ill the next day, but the day following he went to the public-house and called for his pipe and tankard. The goat, perfectly recovered, was there. He held the tankard to the goat's mouth. The creature turned away in disgust, and hurried out of the room. 'My God,' said the startled vicar, 'is this poor dumb creature wiser than I? . . . I too will be a new man: it is not too late to amend. I will become a new man.' Smashing his pipe, he left his tankard untasted. He went home. He became an altered man; 'different,' says our writer, 'as an angel of light is from a fiend of the pit.' For thirty years he preached the Gospel as it had seldom been preached in Wales. He became a kind of apostle. He composed a number of poetical pieces, gathered together after his death under the title of '*Cantyll y Cymryw*; or, the Candle of Welshmen.' It is still popular, having gone through countless editions. The following is a very fair illustration of the character of the verses:—

'GOD'S BETTER THAN ALL.

- 'God's better than heaven or aught therein,
Than the earth or aught we there can win,
Better than the world or its wealth to me—
God's better than all that is or can be.
- 'Better than father, than mother, than nurse,
Better than riches, oft proving a curse,
Better than Martha or Mary even—
Better by far is the God of heaven.
- 'If God for thy portion thou hast ta'en
There's Christ to support thee in every pain,
The world to respect thee thou wilt gain,
To fear thee the fiend and all his train.
- 'Of the best of portions thou choice didst make
When thou the high God to thyself didst take,
A portion which none from thy grasp can rend
Whilst the sun and the moon on their course shall wend.
- 'When the sun grows dark and the moon turns red,
When the stars shall drop and millions dread,
When the earth shall vanish with its pomps in fire,
Thy portion still shall remain entire.
- 'Then let not thy heart, though distressed, complain!
A hold on thy portion firm maintain.
Thou didst choose the best portion, again I say—
Resign it not till thy dying day.'

A good man, an excellent minister, an apostolic reformer, no doubt; a kind of Welsh William Grimshaw; but small populations

are more favourable to the eminence of a man than more crowded regions in more exacting times.

It did not lie, apparently, within our author's plan to traverse all the regions of Wales—only Wild Wales; but we could conduct him to little patches wild as any he has visited, in neighbourhoods he has passed entirely by. He ought to have visited that famous *city!* of St. David's, and its little collection of lowly houses, and its cathedral with its monuments of long-buried princes, and its famous ruined archiepiscopal palace, where once King John kept wild merriment. St. David's, now a suffragan, numbered once seven suffragans within its metropolitan pale: Worcester, Hereford, Llandaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, Llanbadarn, and Margam. The mitre now dimly beaming at the lowest step of the ecclesiastical ladder, once shone with so proud a lustre as to attract the eyes of the loftiest ecclesiastics. St. David's numbers one saint, three Lord Treasurers, one Lord Privy Seal, one Chancellor of Oxford, one Chancellor of England, and in Ferras one martyr. When we have visited it, we have been forcibly impressed by its lost splendours; the wail of the organ and the notes of the choir sounding amidst deserted aisles and congregationless seats, keeping time and tune to the hoarse bass of the murmuring ocean, and the melancholy scream of the wild sea-birds over the forsaken pile. Taking a long spring, another place meets our memory. Our author visited Cardigan: why did he not step across and look at the famed Kilgerran, King Arthur's Castle, the Welsh Tintagel, although not like Tintagel, hanging over the sea. There are few villages in South Wales which vie with this in interest, picturesque, antiquarian, poetical, and legendary. This was the spot:—

'Stately the feast, and high the cheer,
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Kilgerran's castle hall.
Illumining the vaulted roof
A thousand torches flamed aloof.
From massy cups, with golden gleam,
Sparkled the red Metheglin's stream.
The storied tapestry was hung.
With minstrelsy the rafters rung,
Of harps that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glittered bright.'

Our writer uniformly forsakes the sea; or else what grandeur he might have found, and what legends too, in the rocky coast of Pembrokeshire. How could he be in Wales searching for the legends of the people, and not see Sir Gawain's chapel, usually called St. Govan's, among the stack rocks—wondrous little chapel,

with its long descent to the hermitage of the hundred steps; and the castles of Manopear and Carew; and the magnificent points of Fishguard? Why did he not plunge about a little among the innumerable saintly villages—St. Athan's, and St. Teilais's, and St. Dubric's, and St. Dogmael's, and St. Ishmael's? These were not in his way: no; he has given to us the tour of Wild Wales. Not inattentive to old legends, he is still more desirous of knowing the living people, and he most frequently digs for his legends among the strange etymologies of places. These cross us everywhere before his pertinacious and incessant inquiries. He would have enhanced the interest and value of his volumes by adding an index and glossary.

And so the end is, that we follow him with great delight through mountain villages, which put him in mind of those through which he had strolled of old in Castile and La Mancha, the same silence and desolation, and built of the same material, rude stone; through old convents and monasteries, once places devoted to gorgeous idolatry, and possibly obscene lust, now quiet; old barns, in which hay and straw were stowed away with broken tumbrils; through wild and beautiful scenes, narrow glen and ravine, down which mountain torrents roared and foamed; through wild mountain gorges, the dark hills strangely ablaze with furnaces, like pandemoniums, reminding our traveller of 'a Sabbath in hell, and devils proceeding to afternoon worship,' yet far from the noise and the traffic of towns; through simple, and unadorned, and spireless churches, hallowed by the prayers of many generations, and churchyards in which still rests the dust of the venerable dead. Sometimes he comes across what he calls 'a spectral Methodist chapel,' or strolls into a house and finds a middle-aged woman sitting in her comfortable kitchen over her Welsh Bible and concordance—not an unpleasant sight, we should think—but they get to discourse about religion, and do not exactly agree, for she is a bitter Methodist, as bitter as her beer, only half of which he could get down. Never happier, he says, than when keeping his own company, he travels and traverses lone and solitary roads and mountain by-paths, not only through the long day, but far into the night; sometimes by the bright, clear moonlight among the mountains, and sometimes through the 'villain mist,' its large sheets rolling up the mountain sides, bushes and trees seen indistinctly like goblins and elves, till—

'In every hollow dingle stood
Of wry-mouthed elves, a wrathful brood.'

So pressing on his way, drenched often to the skin, although uninjured in body, sometimes through scenes novel and grand,

where the mountain looks sad with some ruin on its brow, putting our fanciful wanderer in mind of 'some old king unfortunate and melancholy, but a king still, with the look of a king, and the ancestral crown on his furrowed forehead.' Sometimes he comes where corpse candles loiter, despite all nineteenth-century ideas, along the road, even as in the days of Twm o'r Nant, who, when he kept turnpike, was constantly troubled by hearses, and mourning coaches, and funeral processions on foot, passing through his gate. Through lonely places, and alder swamps, where nothing is heard but the murmuring of waters, and the wind rushing down the gullies, and where some solitary Englishman or woman is in ecstasies at hearing a few words of the dear old mother-tongue. 'Good-bye, sir,' said one of these lone creatures; 'and thank you for your conversation; I haven't had such a treat of talk for many a weary day;' and sometimes coming to a spot where the sweet voice of village bells mingled with the low rush of the river; and sometimes where the rocks rolled back the echoes like a pack of dogs sweeping down the hills. "Hark to the dogs!" exclaimed my companion. "This pass is called *Nant yr ieuanc gwn*, the pass of the young dogs, because when one shouts, it answers with a noise resembling the crying of hounds."

The owl haunts Mr. Borrow with its strange unearthly cry. Welsh poets have called the owl a grey thief; the haunter of the ivy bush; the chick of the oak; 'a blinking-eyed witch, greedy of mice, with a visage like the bald forehead of a big ram, or the dirty face of an old abbess, which bears no little resemblance to the chin of an ape:' not complimentary comparisons for either abbess, ape, or owl. The following gives to the reader an illustration of Mr. Borrow's method of weaving into the texture of his travels an old Welsh tradition.

'Oh, that cry of the dylluan! what a strange wild cry it is; how unlike any other sound in nature! a cry which no combination of letters can give the slightest idea of. What resemblance does Shakspeare's to-whit-to-whoo bear to the cry of the owl? none whatever; those who hear it for the first time never know what it is, however accustomed to talk of the cry of the owl and to-whit-to-whoo. A man might be wandering through a wood with Shakspeare's owl-chorus in his mouth, but were he then to hear for the first time the real shout of the owl he would assuredly stop short and wonder whence that unearthly cry could proceed.

'Yet no doubt that strange cry is a fitting cry for the owl, the strangest in its habits and look of all birds, the bird of whom by all nations the strangest tales are told. Oh, what strange tales are told of the owl, especially in connection with its long-livedness; but of all the strange wild tales connected with the age of the owl,

strangest of all is the old Welsh tale. When I heard the owl's cry in the groves of Pen y Coed that tale rushed into my mind. I had heard it from the singular groom who had taught me to gabble Welsh in my boyhood, and had subsequently read it in an old tattered Welsh story-book, which by chance fell into my hands. The reader will perhaps be obliged by my relating it.

“The eagle of the alder grove, after being long married and having had many children by his mate, lost her by death, and became a widower. After some time he took it into his head to marry the owl of Cowlyd Coomb; but fearing he should have issue by her, and by that means sully his lineage, he went first of all to the oldest creatures in the world in order to obtain information about her age. First he went to the stag of Ferny-side brae, whom he found sitting by the old stump of an oak, and inquired the age of the owl. The stag said: ‘I have seen this oak an acorn which is now lying on the ground without either leaves or bark: nothing in the world wore it up but my rubbing myself against it once a day when I got up, so I have seen a vast number of years, but I assure you that I have never seen the owl older or younger than she is to-day. However, there is one older than myself, and that is the salmon-trout of Glyn Llifon.’ To him went the eagle and asked him the age of the owl, and got for answer: ‘I have a year over my head for every gem on my skin and for every egg in my roe, yet have I always seen the owl look the same; but there is one older than myself and that is the ousel of Cilgwry.’ Away went the eagle to Cilgwry, and found the ousel standing upon a little rock, and asked him the age of the owl. Quoth the ousel: ‘You see that the rock below me is not larger than a man can carry in one of his hands: I have seen it so large that it would have taken a hundred oxen to drag it, and it has never been worn save by my drying my beak upon it once every night, and by my striking the tip of my wing against it in rising in the morning, yet never have I known the owl older or younger than she is to-day. However, there is one older than I, and that is the toad of Cors Fochnod; and unless he knows her age no one knows it.’ To him went the eagle and asked the age of the owl, and the toad replied: ‘I have never eaten anything save what I have sucked from the earth, and have never eaten half my fill in all the days of my life; but do you see those two great hills beside the cross? I have seen the place where they stand level ground, and nothing produced those heaps save what I discharged from my body who have ever eaten so very little—yet never have I known the owl anything else but an old hag who cried Too-hoo-hoo, and scared children with her voice even as she does at present.’ So the eagle of Gwernabwy; the stag of Ferny-side brae; the salmon trout of Glyn Llifon; the ousel of Cilgwry; the toad of Cors Fochnod, and the owl of Coomb Cowlyd are the oldest creatures in the world; the oldest of them all being the owl.”

He met with many queer varieties, and queer types of vari-

eties. In the neighbourhood of Bala he fell into conversation with a pair.

“What do you call this allt?” said I, looking up to the high pinnacled hill on my right.

“I call that Tap Nyth yr Eryri.”

“Is not that the top nest of the eagles?”

“I believe it is. Ha, I see you understand Welsh.”

“A little,” said I; “are there eagles there now?”

“No, no eagle now.”

“Gone like avanc?”

“Yes, gone like avanc, but not so long. My father see eagle on Tap Nyth, but my father never see avanc in de llyn.”

“How far to Dinas?”

“About three mile.”

“Any thieves about?”

“No, no thieves here, but what come from England,” and he looked at me with a strange, grim smile.

“What is become of the red-haired robbers of Mawddwy?”

“Ah,” said the old man, staring at me, “I see you are a Cumro. The red-haired thieves of Mawddwy! I see you are from these parts.”

“What’s become of them?”

“Oh, dead, hung. Lived long time ago; long before eagle left Tap Nyth.”

He spoke true. The red-haired banditti of Mawddwy were exterminated long before the conclusion of the sixteenth century, after having long been the terror not only of these wild regions but of the greater part of North Wales. They were called the red-haired banditti because certain leading individuals amongst them had red foxy hair.

“Is that young man your son?” said I, after a little pause.

“Yes, he my son.”

“Has he any English?”

“No, he no English, but he plenty of Welsh—that is if he see reason.”

I spoke to the young man in Welsh, asking him if he had ever been up to the Tap Nyth, but he made no answer.

“He no care for your question,” said the old man; “ask him price of pig.” *I asked the young fellow the price of hogs, whereupon his face brightened up, and he not only answered my question, but told me that he had a fat hog to sell. “Ha, ha,” said the old man; “he plenty of Welsh now, for he see reason. To other question he no Welsh at all, no more than English, for he see no reason. What business he on Tap Nyth with eagle? His business down below in sty with pig. Ah, he look lump, but he no fool; know more about pig than you or I, or any one ’twixt here and Mahuncleth.”*

But we have said enough and quoted enough to show that these volumes have a manifold interest. It may be because we have pedestrianized pretty much ourselves among the untrodden

ways of Wales, but we have seldom read a tourist volume in which we kept the wanderer's company so entirely from stage to stage and page to page. Of course it is not always civil—we have said as much before—but we heartily wish that he may be induced to set forth once more on the same but still more extensive journeys, and to favour us at the end with a hand-book, in which case we should have, no doubt, volumes as varied and delightful as that amazing repertory, the 'Hand-book of Spain.'

V.

JAMES STRATTEN'S SERMONS.*

MR. STRATTEN'S position is too high in our estimation to permit these sermons to be laid down with the commendation usually accompanying even excellent sermons. His standing in the ministry was too high and honoured, and typical and useful, to permit us to receive them with any other feelings than gladness. We are glad to receive them as a memorial of the more than delight with which we heard his instructions nearly thirty years since. We did not hear him often; but the quiet power of that which we heard comes over us as we step back to that time; and with the manner comes back, too, many of the words. The sharp, clear sentences, the hesitating for the word—always a sign, perhaps too clear a sign, that some word of extraordinary fitness, some sentence of exceeding light, would follow. We must say that these printed sermons do not realize to us the very marked ideal of those days. We might suppose that this arises from some change in ourselves; but we refer to notes of the time and reported sermons, and we find our old impressions confirmed. The volume before us is the production of the venerable father, and it does not adequately represent the vigour, the swift arrowy power, the occasional grandeur, indeed, of the man in the fullness and the prime of his days—the full, powerful manner, so full and so effective. While we read these discourses, very much is reproduced to us, while we have again forcibly impressed upon us the old reflection of the evanescence of the preacher. We have no doubt these sermons have suffered in being pre-

* *Freedom and Happiness in the Truth and Ways of Christ. Sermons by the Rev. James Stratten, more than Forty Years Minister of Paddington Chapel. James Nisbet.*

pared for the press. It is very true that, beyond most men, Mr. Stratten was very effective through his peculiarly impressive and remarkable utterance—broken, angular, and abrupt. He typifies to us very much the old Puritan preacher—very severe in his manner; a face, too, dark and severe; no play of cheerfulness ever shone along the treatment of either topic or text. We can easily imagine the abhorrence with which he would regard many of the feats of humour which lighten, and some think degrade, the modern pulpit. We used to think of his sermons as eminently the result of thought. It is almost painful when, as is sometimes the case, a mind has occupied itself closely with subjects in their simple, metaphysical, and theological relations for the greater portion of life, and finds that human, social, infinite considerations rise in their perplexity as life darkens to its close. We have known this to be the case with some whose powers have fitted them to be eminently gifted teachers; there are those who have occupied their minds with views looking right on and forward, but they have omitted to glance upon many considerations pressing both upon the right and on the left. A moving, emotional mind and character, indeed, has not only vision, but bears with it all as it advances; but thought, speculation, and especially tradition, often find that they have to begin again a long account with the perplexities of the affections and the will; in other words, experience tries and sometimes baffles thought. This is, perhaps, one reason, and a very important one, why the preaching which, by its power, transfixes one generation, falls almost powerless upon the ear and heart of another. We cannot but think that in Mr. Stratten we have a preacher who, when he was in the pulpit, was far in advance of his times; but, in the preparation of this volume for the press, has rather turned back the hand of the dial. We miss those precognitive and warning notes of the clock which gave such a power and charm to his words; and, as we intimated before, how can we at all transfer to a page, from the tongue, its abrupt and sudden pauses, its sentences broken into parts, its accents. These, in vulgar and ordinary speakers, are of no account; but in a mind struggling with itself, oppressed with the weight, the unimageable meaning, the reality and earnestness of its own impressions, these are like the mists of Turner, the golden lights of Claude; like the masses of shade lying on one canvas, or the rude, simple dash of the pencil on another. We feel certain that in the volume before us Mr. Stratten has refined too much, or he has not chosen wisely. We do not remark upon the bulky appearance of the volume—very unlike the graceful volumes of discourses which are now constantly seen;

we think, too, the manner of the preacher might have been translated to the pages by a little more skill in punctuation on the part of the proof reader. But we are glad to receive this volume from one we venerate so much, and it does abound with some of those tender and awful thoughts which moved us to awe when we were very young. A passage, for instance, like the following :—

‘One day, late in autumn, walking in a wild wood, I suddenly stood still. Around me was a vast forest, with its mighty and stupendous trees, covered with their varied and decaying foliage, ready to fall by the first breath of the tempest, and mingle with the dead leaves already on the ground. And it seemed to be the ruin of the world, as if nature, in her most beautiful forms, were coming to a close. But I stopped in the silence, and found there were living beings amid the solitude and dreariness. At intervals, in the distance, a cock crew ; a sparrow chirped ; there was the hoarse voice of distant rooks ; a horse neighed ; presently there was the lowing of an ox ; the barking of a dog ; the bleating of sheep ; and the small bird rustled amid the brushwood and the leaves, while the cooing of a pigeon was heard from afar. And I was alone, as amid the fallen columns and prostrate architecture of some ancient and perished city. So, I thought, if life decays and is extinct in some forms, it shall survive in others, and those the more precious and the more important. There may be life in the midst of death, if we have but the eye to see it, and the ear to hear the melody. And if the world perishes, like the seared leaves of the forest, there will be another to rise from its ruins, in imperishable beauty, and with incorruptible adornments. A righteous population shall inhabit that world. And as the shades of evening descended, and darkness spread itself over the scene, my spirit was comforted.’

But if we take exception to the volume at all as representative, it would be on the score that it is not representative of the pulpit method of Mr. Stratten. His power was most favourably exhibited in exposition. Exposition was most happily suitable to the rapid and varied turns of thought so well known in his ministrations. He had a happy method of analogy, and a power of pressing with great ease and self-possession into his service everything likely to tell upon the topic. He was not only illustrative, he was thoughtful : the first is not always accompanied by the last, and there are many who suppose they have received a new thought where they have received fresh light upon an old one. The sustained style was and is, perhaps, the natural style to our preacher, in the abruptnesses, and the breaks, and the sharp cadences. We have thought the artist was very sufficiently visible : there was a discrimination to be felt. James Stratten, like James Parsons, was despotic with his audiences : neither one nor the other aimed to establish any friendly rela-

tionship between themselves and their hearers ; both assumed a lordship and a right to command ; both were impatient of interruption by any momentary circumstance. The nervousness of a preacher has very much to do with his composition, not less than his delivery, and nothing in the pulpit is more remarkable than the singular union of intense nervousness and perfect self-possession. The native irritability of James Stratten gave power and force to all his sudden coils of thought or expression. His style ever struggled between these two, and in this volume not less so. It is interesting to mark a proud spirit, struggling with its own morbid views of life, and grasping convictions tenaciously in spite of temper and temperament, daily striving to verify to itself the reality of such thoughts as these :—

‘ Wonderful is the scene which is now transpiring within the veil ! Christ is receiving the adoration of the myriads of heaven ! Christ is lifting his hands, and making intercession for the universal Church on earth. If a veil were around me at this moment, I should not see you, nor you me. If a screen were put between you and the loveliest landscape, it would be hidden from your eyes. Suppose one of the greatest and most remarkable assemblies ever convened, as that of the bishops at the Council of Nice, or Luther and the German princes in the presence of Charles V. ; or imagine the solemnity and splendour of a coronation ; and draw a veil between the assembly and yourself : you can perceive nothing but the veil. Just so it is with reference to the heavenly assembly. We see them not ; we see nothing but a veil. We see not, because the veil is unlifted. These bodies of ours constitute the veil, and prevent the vision. In like manner, if you stop your ears, the loveliest and sweetest music is unheard by you, though it may delight and enrapture ten thousand listeners. My brethren ! we only want the eyes to see, the ears to hear ! We are now amid the glory and the songs. Heaven is not hereafter to be, it is simply to be revealed ! It is now ! All that I want is, that the veil of obscurity be removed. “ For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands ; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.” ’

For a long period James Stratten held a very foremost place, perhaps the most prominent, in the Nonconformist metropolitan pulpit. His congregation was often composed, we know, not merely of Nonconformists, but of many of the most holy in the highest circles. His teaching it is perhaps impossible to transfer to print ; but multitudes will welcome this volume as the legacy of their beloved pastor, and his ministry in a day when chapels were few, and when we will even dare to say our pulpit had a *depth* of power to which we fear it scarcely reaches now, although traversing fields and characters of greater breadth.

VI.

THE ANGLO-SAXON HOME.*

A RICH vein of popular interest belongs to the topics of all the volumes we mention in connection with this article, but popular treatment cannot be claimed by either. The most ambitious effort undoubtedly is the volume of Mr. Thrupp. His subject is admirably adapted for a family and fireside book. The volume contains nothing new, either in the way of information, observation, or generalization. It adds nothing to the library of the scholar, and it is not vivid enough for the book club or the uninformed reader. We have really no fault to find with the volume, only that, as is the case with most of the books we review, we paid hard cash for it. Dementic greenhorns! We were led by the singularly happy, suggestive title, and were disappointed. Mr. Wright's book is a rich repertory of information upon the subject to which it refers. It is like all Mr. Wright's books: they can only be read by those who have a more than superficial interest in English society in the middle ages. The volumes of Mr. St. John, although cumbrous, are written by a most lively and facile pen; and those of Mr. Haigh are simply scholarly. All the volumes reflect a measure of light upon each other; all display considerable reading and acquaintance with the age, the ages to which they relate; but none of them would be likely to hold long, or interest much, readers of scanty time.

We have wondered often that we have not had a popular

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- * 1. *The Anglo-Saxon Home: a History of the Domestic Institutions and Customs of England, from the Fifth to the Eleventh Century.* By John Thrupp. London: Longman & Co.
 - 2. *History of the Four Conquests of England.* By James Augustus St. John. In Two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
 - 3. *A History of the Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages.* By Thomas Wright, M.A., &c. With Illustrations from the Illuminations in Contemporary Manuscripts and other Sources. London: Chapman & Hall.
 - 4. *The Conquest of Britain by the Saxons: a Harmony of the 'Historia Britonum,' the Writings of Gildas, 'The Brut,' and the Saxon Chronicles, with Reference to the Events of the Fifth and Sixth Centuries.* By Daniel H. Haigh. London: John Russell Smith.
 - 5. *The Anglo-Saxon Sagas: an Examination of their Value as Aids to History.* A Sequel to 'The Conquest of Britain by the Saxons.' By Daniel H. Haigh. London: John Russell Smith.
 - 6. *Our English Home.* London: Parker.

and graphic picture of a period so interesting as that of our Saxon forefathers ; a picture impressing itself on the heart and imagination, the mind and the eye. Mr. Kemble's book, 'The Saxons in England,' does this in a very considerable manner, and many of its chapters might much more consistently lay claim to the title 'The Anglo-Saxon Home,' than the volume of Mr. Thrupp. It is, as our readers know, the work of a great Saxon scholar. Mr. Thrupp has, by extending his canvas, weakened the effect of his picture. He has not with sufficient distinctness realized the Saxon home ; and he has, and perhaps it was inevitable, interwoven the picture of the domestic with that of the political constitution. The narrative of the domestic state of those times is not by any writer treated with sufficient discretion. Mr. Thrupp delineates the Anglo-Saxon home, but, in fact, however the Anglian and the Saxon lines of the great German race have mingled, they differed greatly, they differ still. How wide apart are the ways and usages of Lancashire and Kent—language, physical type, character, and customs. The Anglo-Saxon was, and is in fact, the Danish Saxon. It is very difficult to distinguish accurately between the remnants of Celtic usages, the more polite and civilized influence of Roman manners, the softening power of the more lumpish but contemplative Saxon, and the stern, rugged, swift-witted, and imperious Anglian : all these meet, and mingle, and act, and re-act upon each other, in what we call the Anglo-Saxon home. At the same time we have little difficulty in recognising in the more southern counties of England, those usages which have become identified with the Saxons. It is difficult to distinguish distinctly the England of that day. The whole world has changed so its conditions, that it is scarcely possible anywhere to find its counterpart ; yet a grim, savage barbarism stood side by side with a childish grace and even an uneducated majesty. It was a land covered with trees ; oaks beneath whose broad branches stood the vast herds of swine, and elms towering to the height of a hundred and thirty feet ; clumps of beeches, and groves of mountain-ash. The fens of Huntingdonshire abounded with copses of alders and birches, clusters of willows, aspens, and osiers, vast plains covered with reeds, and abundance of sedge waving to the wind, sighing forth those solemn sounds, we have all, in smaller districts of like wildness, heard, then only making the wandering chapman tremble, and adding to the awe and the solemnity of the anchorite. Some of these primeval woods are standing still, or were standing till recently. Within their shadowy recesses stood some temple to a Saxon or Scandinavian divinity, while around them gradually rose the villages. Saxon

churls turned up the rich virgin soil, and the heavy wheat-field and the ruddy orchard became the first centres of industry and plenty. The ford, the mill, the bridge, became the nucleus of cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, slowly rising there. The clearing of the forest or the springing of the well, these gradually originated the vast and wonderful network of communities. How they travelled in those days of almost impassable roads and wild woods, especially through those wild districts of the country where there were no inns, is suggestive of a good deal of curious and romantic thought. The word *inn* is Saxon, but it was applied usually to houses of the kind in town: a tavern was usually called a *gest hus* or *gest bur*, a house or chamber for guests; or *cumena hus*, a house for comers. The guests' houses were not common, but were established, like the caravansarais in the East, near the high roads. Mr. Wright supposes that often the deserted ruins of Roman buildings, villas, and small stations, would be roughly repaired and modified, and so become a temporary shelter against the storm. And this is especially probable from the fact convincingly shown by Mr. Kemble, that the Saxons did not usually build their towns on those evacuated ruins. Hospitality seems to have been extensively practised, and at the same time there is reason to think that in some neighbourhoods taverns of a certain description were common enough. Merchant travellers in general congregated together in parties and small caravans, for companionship and protection against robbery. The solitary wanderer was looked upon with suspicion, and in danger of being taken for an outlaw or a thief.

Mr. St. John points attention to the remarkable characteristic of the English landscape at this period, the prodigious number of bees. They swarmed in every copse and grove, and diffused themselves in spring and summer over the wild flowers of the meadows, and the monastic gardens. Among the assistants in husbandry, we find the *apician custos*, or keeper of bees. Honey was a large article of English commerce; it was consumed in the manufacture of mead and metheglin, and various forms of pastry, and confectionery, and dainties, in which our ancestors, and more especially the monks, delighted. Meantime, all these traces of the romance and wildness of forest and of garden life, will perhaps suggest to our readers the picture too of immense spaces of undrained land, emitting during summer pestilential exhalations, and in winter by their humidity converted into snow, which fell in quantities so prodigious as to crush the woods by their weight. Thus, in the winter of 1046 the weather was so severe, that birds perished in extraordinary

numbers, and the fish were frozen to death in the lakes and rivers. The summer following, a strange mortality broke out among men and animals in various parts of the kingdom; while that species of lightning upon which the people of those days bestowed the name of *wild-fire*, consumed numerous corn-fields and even villages in Derbyshire.

Little value was set upon intellectual pleasures in those times, and vacant hours were filled by the pursuit of the chase. The nobles lived in the company of hawks in times of peace. The forest laws were dreadful in their oppressiveness. A breath of terror was diffused adown the forest glades. The animals were treated delicately. The serf was lacerated with stripes even if he frightened the pampered brute. When the inclemency of the weather confined men to their houses and castles, as they had no taste for books—and, indeed, who possessed them?—feasting and drinking passed the hours, and buffoons, and jugglers, and minstrels aided digestion by their merriment and songs; or in bear-baiting or bull-baiting the rugged men passed their days. It is true, also, that in more refined ages they had other and milder sports; throw-board or *tæfl*, for instance.

‘This game was very popular in the Welsh districts, but the Anglo-Saxons appear to have preferred a game called *tæfl*. It was played with *tæfl*-stones, or dice, and *tæfl*-men, or table-men, on a parti-coloured board, and probably resembled backgammon. It was generally played for money, and though strictly forbidden to the clergy, was a favourite amusement with them, and one by which they incurred some obloquy. On one occasion a priest, who saw his bishop playing at it, shook his head at him in a scornful manner. The prelate, perceiving it, was very angry, and told the priest that if he did not show him that what he was doing was forbidden by the canon law, he would immediately send him to gaol. The priest, with an expression of terror, fell at his feet, and said, “Pardon me, my lord, I am so overwhelmed with fear that I could not repeat even the first verse of the first psalm, nor any one decree from the canons; but I beseech you, most pious prelate, that you would recall to my mind what in my terror I have quite lost.” On this, the bishop and the rest of the company began to laugh and jest; but the priest being still urgent, the bishop yielded to his entreaties and repeated a couple of verses. “Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful, but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate *day and night*.” “Very right, most holy father,” cried the priest, “and then the *rest of your time* you may play at dice.”’

It is true England had another life, in spite of its rudeness

and its ignorance; and whatever we may think of Romanism now, we must regard that aspect of it which we behold in those times as Christianity, and it was most hallowed to the hearts of the people. The land, it is true, was studded with monasteries, and convents, and vast churches. We know the spots in which all that remains of their ruined towers and aisles are to be found now. In the loveliest valleys, on the boldest and most rugged rocks overhanging the sea, amidst picturesque hills, amidst the woods and the villages, rose the quiet tower or spire, venerable even then; for amidst the debasement, and superstition, and impiety even in the very cloisters of the Church, the poor beheld that which gave to them the assurance of their only friend. The following is true and interesting :—

‘The recognition of the Lord’s day was one of the earliest sources of limitation on slavery. On that day a master could not compel the slave to work, under the penalty, at first, of forfeiting him to the king or reeve; and, afterwards, of giving him his freedom. His master was also exhorted to leave him free from work twelve days at Christmas, and on the day on which Christ overcame the devil; on St. George’s day, and seven days before and seven days after Easter; one day at St. Peter’s, and one day at St. Paul’s tide; one whole week at harvest before St. Mary’s festival, one day at the commencement of All Saints, and the Wednesday in the four Ember weeks. On these days he might work for himself and retain what he earned (that is, if his master would obey the Church), but on the Sunday he was not to work under the penalty of the neck-catch.’

The monk, no doubt, even where he could not defend, often consoled; while it may also be supposed that there were instances in which the terrors associated with the priestly name, if they held the human soul in bondage, availed also to throw a shield over the poor form cowering from the brutal violence of their feudal lords. Nor must we forget that in those days the clergy did much to create a nobler tone of popular and sacred music. To them we owe it that, by the end of the eighth century, the Gregorian system was everywhere in use. Uniformity in church music had been secured. The stern stoutness with which in some of our modern Nonconformist congregations the introduction of chanting has been resisted, brings forcibly to our mind the following anecdote of our like obstinate ancestors :—

‘Among the many unpopular measures which followed the Norman conquest, was the attempted introduction of a new system of church music. At Glastonbury, abbot Thurston introduced a

new chant which he had brought from Feschamp, in Normandy. The monks resisted the innovation, on which their superiors insisted, and from words the disputants came to blows. The abbot, being defeated, called in the assistance of the Norman soldiery, by whom two of the monks were killed, fourteen wounded, and the rest expelled. The opposition of the monks, however, was ultimately successful. The abbot was expelled and died in exile. *After his death* he was, in consideration of the gifts of his relatives, restored to his honours, though, unless his posthumous restoration entitled his family to the emoluments of his office during the years of his deprivation, it is difficult to guess the object of it.

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Kemble's admirable work,* is his Development of the Rise and Progress of the Saxon Town. We wonder much that this did not enter into the plan of Mr. Thrupp's book upon the 'Anglo-Saxon Home.' Imagination easily conceives its growth in the neighbourhood of woods and villages. 'Few pictures from the past may the eye rest on with greater pleasure than that of a Saxon portreeve looking down from his strong gyld hall upon the well-watched walls and gates that guard the populous market of his city. The fortified castle of a warlike lord may frown upon the adjacent hill; the manchicolated and crenelated walls of the cathedral close, with buttress and drawbridge, may tell of the temporal power and turbulence of the episcopate; but in the centre square stands the symbolic statue, which marks the freedom of jurisdiction and commerce, balance in hand to show the right of unimpeded traffic, sword in hand to show the right to judge and punish, the right to guard with the weapons of men all that men hold dearest; and if we step into any of the old towns now, most of the characteristics are those of Saxon times. We have few traces, it would seem, to guide us as to the local distribution of an Anglo-Saxon town; but it is most probable that the different trades occupied different portions of the area, which portions were named from the occupations of the inhabitants. In the middle ages these several portions of the city were often fortified, and served as strongholds, behind whose defences, or sallying forth from which, the several crafts fought the battles of democracy against the burgesses or the neighbouring lords. Such distinctions existed, it is ascertained, before the Norman conquest. We have many streets in the old cities which can only be accounted for thus—fellmonger, fleshmonger, horse-monger, shoewright, shieldwright, salter, and tanner. They have

* 'The Saxons in England: a History of the English Commonwealth till the Period of the Roman Conquest.'

long ceased to be occupied by these classes, but they plainly point back to a time when those active wrights were there. Thus the disposition of the old city and town is made without a plan, by the streets themselves. The cathedral, the guild hall with its belfry—its all-important belfry, to summon the craftsmen in the hour of danger—and its four principal streets, and especially its stately fortress, defending or overawing, with the garrison and the courts of justice, and we have the representation of a principal Anglo-Saxon city.

Popish writers insist very much on the identification of religious ceremonies with all the relations of the guilds. It is most likely; nor are we in any doubt that, in so dark an age, the superstitions were not without their value. Very painful and oppressive were the impositions of the priesthood, however gorgeously they shine through the mists of the ages. The members of the guild received amazing honour in their death—in the black liveries, and hearse cloths for the coffin, and psalms, and lights, and *Placebos*, and *Diriges*, and *Requiems*.

‘Our forefathers had the same passion for splendid funerals which, to the disgrace of modern civilization, still exists; and for this feeling the law did not provide. One of the first occupations which the guilds added to that of conviviality, was the superintendence of the burial of members. They bound themselves to recover the body of every fellow guildsman who died far a field, to form a procession for bringing it home, and to wake and bury it with musical honours. The assistance of the clergy was necessary on these occasions, and consequently the payment of soul shot and a certain sum for masses were among the earliest recognised charges on the corporate funds.’

Guilds frequently had a kind of armorial and heraldic dignity upon them, implying the tight bandage of protection. The towns often had the long processions of these, including the religious pageants and pious plays and interludes. From hence arose many ritual customs: the lighted taper was set before the Virgin’s image, wreathed with flowers, the saint, the patron of the guild, received a fresh garland of flowers, and the whole street as it passed along was a gay show. Each man’s door shadowed with green birch, long fennell, St. John’s wort, orpin, white lilies, and such-like, garnished upon with beautiful flowers and lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all night. Some hung on branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once. We believe most of these observances are true of a later time, but they had their origin in the earliest Anglo-Saxon days.

Mr. Thrupp in his treatment of his subject describes the state of the Anglo-Saxon Wife, Child, Slave, Freeman, Noble,

Priest, Monk, Nun, Penances, Superstitions, Vices and Virtues, Poetry, Music, the Gleeman, Sports and Pastimes, Burial; his view, therefore, of the Home is in the various characters who move through it. The place itself, and its furniture, and those human usages which make character to live before us, are not particularly referred to. He has omitted also many of those distinct index-fingers, legends and traditions, which might have very happily illustrated the manners of the times; and for the want of the due setting of the frame of the building in which the inhabitant is to be found, the character itself loses its true form and distinctness. He would have greatly added to the interest of his volume if he had set before his readers, with some measure of clearness, the places in which our Saxon fathers lived—the rude hall, the chamber with its dim lights of horns and cressets, and *condelsticea*, and the inner rooms; the bower! and bed-chamber; the bed, far from luxurious, consisting merely of a sack filled with straw, and laid upon a bench or board. But for all these domestic sentiments the reader must consult, if he desires to know, Mr. Wright's volume; but even in this the information is scanty on the Anglo-Saxon period.

The Anglo-Saxon Nun scarcely receives from Mr. Thrupp all the consideration she deserves. His principal impression of her is of a dirty thing.

‘The habits of some of the most celebrated nuns were far from cleanly. The abbess Edda declined to wear any linen between her person and her woollen garment, which she changed *annually*, or to wash oftener than three times a year. The nuns of Sempringham were allowed to wash their heads seven times a year, and *not more*, on which occasions they were to wipe their faces with a cloth. They were never permitted to wash their feet unless they had been working in the marsh, but a cloth was provided in the cloisters with which they might rub their feet and hands. The heads of the children under their care were not washed during Lent. St. Cuthbert, the sainted model of English monks, only washed his feet at Easter, and if his annual self-examination was unsatisfactory, he omitted the usual ablution. It would be easy to quote a multitude of instances illustrative of the dirty personal habits of the monks and nuns, but the subject is not inviting. It is sufficient to say that an absence of personal cleanliness was considered evidence of self-denial and sanctity.’

There is another side than this to the story of the nunnery, although our author apparently does not see it. The foundation in many instances must have originated with pious women, in the feeling of the necessity of companionship with each other, in preference to the wild and libidinous men who sought them for their wives. No doubt, in many instances, even the ghastly and glaring

enormities took place ascribed to them by the writer ; but the nunnery and the monastery most likely did something in that age to the giving beauty and dignity to the marriage life, in restraining the marriage of near relations, and limiting the right of repudiation. He says the doctrine that there is something pious in uncleanly personal habits could not have tended to personal comfort, nor was the marvellous skill in needlework which was acquired by the mass of English women through the teaching of the nuns, a sufficient set-off to the absence of cleanliness their example indicated. But there was much in the condition of the Anglo-Saxon wife to create nunneries. The method of courtship was rough ; and we must not suppose that marriage homes were lightened by any overwhelming gleams of tenderness and sentiment. Our author tells the oft-told story of the happy betrothment of Matilda and William, our Duke of Normandy.

‘ On his return to Falaise after one of his many successful campaigns, William was publicly entreated by his subjects to marry, and to provide against the terrible contingency of a disputed succession. He was urged to unite himself to some powerful prince who might aid him in his innumerable wars. William pretended to hesitate and to take time to consider, though he had in his own mind determined to marry Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders. He knew that his proposals would be distasteful both to her and to her father, but this did not deter him from formally demanding her hand. His offer was respectfully declined, though the true ground of its ill success was probably not stated. The lady was enamoured of the Saxon Earl Brihtric, ambassador of King Edward at her father’s court. To him she had made repeated offers of marriage, which were as repeatedly refused. William, who would not brook defeat either in war or love, went immediately and secretly to Bruges, where Matilda lived, and waited at the church door till she came out. He then seized her, “shook her not very tenderly,” knocked her down with his fist, kicked her over and over in the mud, and belaboured her most furiously, “overwhelming her with blows.” Having concluded these delicate attentions, he mounted his horse and rode away, without bestowing on her a single word. Matilda was picked up by her attendants, carried home, and put to bed. Whether she was fascinated with the Duke’s mode of wooing, or feared a second offer of a similar character, does not appear ; but while still confined to her bed through the maltreatment she had received from her lover, she declared to her father, “that sick in health, and dolorous of body from the blows she had received, she had firmly decided to marry no man but the Duke William.” On this intimation of his daughter’s feelings, the Earl of Flanders withdrew his opposition to the match. Matilda was married to the Conqueror at the château d’Eu ; and, if we may rely on Madame Guizot, “held him most dear to the very day of her death.” Her

marriage afforded her, at least, one source of gratification. On the conquest of England, William offered to endow her with the lands of any Saxon noble she chose to select; and she immediately demanded and received the estates of her once loved Earl Brihtic. She also obtained possession of his person and threw him into prison, where he died mysteriously.

'There is a rumour as to the close of Matilda's career, which throws a shade over Madame Guizot's brilliant view of her married happiness. It is said that when she grew old, the King became attached to the daughter of a priest, and that the Queen, indignant at the amour, caused her to be hamstrung and banished. When this came to the King's knowledge, he indulged in one of those furious bursts of passion which were habitual with him, and seizing Matilda, beat her to death with the headgear of his horse. When his fury cooled, he attempted to atone for his offence, by giving her a magnificent funeral and building a cathedral over her tomb. It is consolatory to know that this account of her death is of very dubious authenticity; but for the purpose of appreciating the manners of the age, it is almost immaterial whether the tale be really true, or merely so consistent with probability as to have been readily believed at the time of its supposed occurrence.'

We quite believe with Mr. Thrupp, that there is something very apocryphal in the tales of the chivalry with which the German races treated their women; and yet we cannot doubt that, on the whole, chastity was so honoured, and the rights of woman were, if dimly seen, yet seen distinctly as compared with other races, and that to this we have to attribute very much of the high social and domestic character of the Saxon race.

The Child of the Saxon very properly occupies in the home the place next to the Wife; but the first information we have touching these relations, is the commonness of infanticide. No sooner was a child born than the question was debated, Should he be permitted to live, or should he be put to death? Was it the pressure of necessity, or was it bluntness of natural instinct which prompted the dreadful discussion? What prompted the Anglo-Saxon mother to a crime so abhorrent as the murder of her own child? The custom did not speedily expire. To absolute murder succeeded exposure; nor did that custom wane, it seems, till about the tenth century. The Church took up the human claim, and condemned the woman guilty of exposure of her infant to fifteen years penance; while it became a feeling that to find and adopt a child was lucky. The popular feelings, too, were embodied in the following anecdotal legend:—

'Of all the unhappy mortals of olden times, none was so universally unfortunate as Elfin, the son of an eminent Welsh chieftain.

His father, disgusted with his constant ill-fortune, banished him from home; but, to keep him from starving, bestowed on him a valuable fishery. No sooner had Elfin taken charge of it, than a property which had yielded a hundred pounds of silver annually, ceased to produce a single fish, and after a long and anxious trial he abandoned it in despair. As he wandered away, he passed a weir, and on it saw what appeared to be an otter. "Ah!" he cried, "it is you who have been ruining my fishery. You must die." On approaching the supposed otter, it proved to be a bundle of linen, which, when opened, disclosed a lovely baby. "Tal-íésin! Tal-íésin!" (what bright brows) exclaimed the weir-keeper; "Tal-íésin shall be his name," said Elfin, "and I will adopt him." He immediately wrapt the baby carefully in his cloak, and, mounting on horse, carried it tenderly. In a few moments, to his extreme astonishment, the child began to sing, and prophesied that by his adoption a long career of ill-fortune would be converted into one of brilliant success. The young foster-parent believed the wonderful infant, who in after life made good his promise, and earned both for himself and patron wealth and honour. "He sang miraculously," says the fable, "from the cradle to the grave;" but, in truth, he sang with unrivalled eloquence and genius, and dying, left behind him a reputation, which after the lapse of a thousand years, made hearts throb and eyes brighten at the sound of the name of "Tal-íésin, the bard."

At last, instead of murder or exposure came education, but by slow degrees; and we learn that the Anglo-Saxons had only one mode of tuition—they told a child to learn, and if he did not, they beat him. All that a teacher needed was a stiff rod and a strong arm. Alcuin, speaking generally, says, 'It is the scourge that teaches children the ornaments of wisdom.' There were other punishments worse than scourging. The Anglo-Saxons believed not only that flogging stimulated industry, but that it had a very specific action on the memory. If it were wished to impress any fact with especial distinctness on the child's mind, it was told him, and he was well scourged. Any legal ceremony or usage was retained for the benefit of successive generations in this way. It was witnessed by the children, and they were then flogged with unusual severity: this, it was supposed, would give an additional weight to any evidence they might hereafter furnish.

'The first person who doubted the efficacy of constant and promiscuous severity was the famous Turketel, Abbot of Croyland. He took so great an interest in the education of all the children intrusted to his care, that he visited each of them once a day, and superintended their studies. On these occasions he rewarded those boys who distinguished themselves above the rest with figs, raisins, nuts, and almonds, or more frequently with apples, pears,

and little presents, in order that, not so much with harsh words and blows, as by frequent encouragement and rewards, he might induce them to show due diligence in the prosecution of their studies.'

The method of Saxon culture was not so much to fill the memory, however, with facts, as to make the learner sharp and acute.

'Tell me what man died and never was born, and afterwards was buried in his mother's womb?—I tell thee, that was Adam the first man; for the earth was his mother, and in the earth was he buried again.

'What is a ship?—A wandering house, a hostel wherever you will, a traveller that leaves no footsteps, a neighbour of the sand.

'What are fingers?—The plectra of strings.

'What is grass?—The garment of the earth.

'What are herbs?—The friends of physicians and the praise of cooks.

'What makes bitterness sweet?—Hunger.

'What is faith?—The certainty of the unknown wonderful.

'What is wonderful? I lately saw a live man standing and a dead man walking, who were never born.—A reflection in the water.

'A stranger spoke to me, who had neither tongue nor voice, he never was in the past and never will be in the future.—It was a dream.

'I saw the dead beget the living and the living consume the dead.—The friction of bows begets fire, and fire consumes them.'

Those of our readers who have not had the opportunity of consulting extensively other works upon this interesting period of our national development, may with profit refer to Mr. Thrupp's volume; and it will be both interesting and curious to notice how many of the most distinctive marks of the old race have descended to our times. Especially we may refer to the very singular customs connected with the hair, and the evidence it was supposed to furnish of freedom or nobility. The privilege of dressing the hair in a particular fashion was only a right belonging to the free class. Long and flowing hair was at first the evidence that the wearer was noble, and always that he possessed unforfeited and unimpaired all the rights of the Anglo-Saxon freeman. At present, the first mark of indignity and degradation which greets the convict as he steps over the prison threshold, is the cropping of his hair close. This was supposed to mark the distinction of the classes in the great Puritan struggle. The Roundheads received the epithet from their closely-cropped hair; and the Cavaliers were remarkable for their long flowing locks. This was the distinction of the Merovingian kings of France, and the glory of that race. No

slave was allowed to wear long hair. He was compelled to keep it closely cropped, and when he was manumitted, he received a cap of liberty, that he might conceal the insignia of his previous servile position until nature provided him with the external evidence of freedom.

We forbear from any further remarks. The subject is most interesting, and every Englishman should be well acquainted with it, and with those fine far-sighted principles of the old Saxon constitution upon which we believe the true strength and stability of our country has been founded and has risen. We should like to see a clear and popular picture of the Saxon laws and Saxon times; a short, vivid digest of the men and their mode of life, and especially of their laws with relation to land—the *Laan-land*, or Leasehold; the *Boc-land*, or Freehold; and the *Folk-land*, or National Stock; for we believe that almost all that is valuable in the structure of English society comes to us through Saxon laws and usages; and although fitted eminently for an agricultural people, they contain lights which may be guides in any state, and which we believe to be the foundation of the true conservatism of states.

VII.

CHURCH REVELATIONS IN 1862.*

A MOST interesting document is the Charge of the Bishop of London we have placed foremost in the list of tracts and books at the foot of this page, every way most honourable to the earnestness of the excellent prelate from whom it emanates. Our readers are no doubt already acquainted with the substance of it, and have seen the admiration it has in many quarters elicited. In that admiration we very fervently join; and we call

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- * 1. *A Charge, Delivered in December, 1862, to the Clergy of the Diocese of London, at his Visitation*, by Archibald Campbell, Lord Bishop of London. Third Edition. London: John Murray.
 - 2. *Church Questions: Historical and Moral Reviews*. By Joseph Parker, D.D. London: John Snow.
 - 3. *The Mission and Extension of the Church at Home, Considered in Eight Lectures, Preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1861, at the Lecture Founded by the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A.* By John Sandford, B.D., Archdeacon of Coventry. London: Longman & Co.
 - 4. *A Wail for Bicentenary Day. The Sufferings of the Church and the Intolerance of Dissent. A Plain Statement of Facts*. Compiled by Two English Clergymen. London: Masters.

the attention of our readers to it because we believe it may be read with great profit, not only by the clergymen of the diocese, for whom it was of course especially intended. It is so full of good and wise things that all, ministers especially, may read it with profit. Nay, it seems to be a duty our ministers owe to themselves and to their churches to read it, and from it to form some conception of the vigilant and intense activity with which the Bishop attempts to grapple with many of the difficulties of the Church of his day. It is interesting also to notice the breadth of view and the kind of breadth with which *he* regards Church questions, his opinions upon the relation of the Church to education, and the position of the Church-rate controversy, and the concessions he is compelled to make, and his apologies for concessions not immediately called for in his Charge. These are all points of interest upon which all thoughtful men among us will not fail to remark. First, we cannot, however, but admire the reverential earnestness, the regard for truth, the calm, wise spirit, pervading the whole discourse. We are quite aware that his lordship has no love for Dissenters; indeed, we seldom have heard of, and never have known, a clergyman who had any love for them; yet there is a freedom of spirit and tolerance of inquiry such as we should rather expect to find in one of our own advanced pulpits or congregations than in the cathedral chair. Referring to the perplexities of the times, he says, —

‘I. As to free inquiry; what shall we do with it? Shall we frown upon it, denounce it, try to stifle it? This will do no good even if it be right. But after all we are Protestants. We have been accustomed to speak a good deal of the right and duty of private judgment. It was by the exercise of this right and the discharge of this duty that our fathers freed their and our souls from Rome’s time-honoured falsehoods. Are we to be scared from those great principles which opened the closed door of truth in the sixteenth century, because some men, using our instruments of investigation, arrive at false and dangerous conclusions? As well might Luther have turned against the Reformation because of the eccentricities of the Anabaptists, or our own divines have thought it best to make common cause with the Jesuits because of the spread of Unitarianism. Am I convinced of the heavenly origin of those great truths for which the Church of England has been appointed by the Lord Jesus as the chief witness upon earth? And shall I, from a craven fear lest these truths be shaken, disparage the use of that great instrument of reason which God has given to man for the investigation and defence of truth? If I am wise I will not ask my people to give to the Church’s teaching an unreasoning and stolid assent. I will set myself to work, as being conscious of the value of that priceless gift of reason, to discipline myself, and help others, that we may use it

as God directs; and I shall feel confident that its investigations rightly and reverently conducted must result in furthering the cause of the God of truth. Do I believe that supernatural Revelation and the natural discoveries of reason are two methods through which God makes himself known to man? Then I can have no doubt that ultimately the conclusions arrived at by the use of God's two instruments must agree. It would argue little faith to have any doubts on this score.

'What then are we afraid of? Is the approach of no real danger intimated by all the alarm which has discomposed the Church for the last two years? To assert that there is no danger would be folly; but it is a danger to meet which requires calmness and great discretion. The difficulties we have to deal with need very delicate handling. If there are persons likely to injure themselves and others by free inquiry, they can only be effectually met by those who are able to a certain extent to sympathize with them, and to enter with considerate feeling into the intricacies of those questions which have unsettled their faith.

'For example—am I the pastor of a parish, and do I know that some intelligent and promising young man of my flock is distressing the old-fashioned piety of his parents by giving utterance to speculations which sound to them like blasphemy? How shall I deal with him? Before I try to influence him I must carefully endeavour to ascertain what is his real state of mind. An affected scepticism, bred of ignorance and shallow self-conceit (and there is abundance of such abroad in the world now as in all ages) might not unnaturally provoke a sharp rebuke, though, perhaps, it is doubtful even in such cases how far the rebuke would do good. An exposure of the man's ignorance might perhaps tell upon him, and teach him more humility. But suppose I find that the young man is not more self-conceited than his neighbours—that he is of a really inquiring mind, anxious to know the truth, but unsettled. He has been, say, to the University, and has heard questions freely discussed there of which he never dreamed in childhood; questions as to the nature and limits of inspiration, as to the difficulties which stand in the way of an unquestioning assent to the perfect historical accuracy of the Bible narrative; questions as to the possibility of reconciling a belief in miraculous interpositions with the maintenance of unchanging laws; questions as to how far the discoveries of modern science agree with the teaching of the sacred books; or (after the general truth of the Bible scheme is admitted) intricate metaphysical questions which still may be raised as to the particular mode in which the life and death of Christ avail for man's salvation, and how far the exact truth on this momentous subject is expressed in the Church's formularies.

'A man need neither be conceited, nor shallow, nor rash, nor irreverent, to have had his thoughts exercised on any one of these subjects. Nay, are you an ordained guide of souls—a minister of that God who has promised to lead you and your people into all

truth, responsible to him for wisely directing all who come to you in their difficulties—not the souls only which are depressed with the burden of sin, or uncertain as to practical questions of conscience in matters of every-day outward action, but souls clouded with intellectual doubts also—and are you, though thus set apart for this difficult work, unable to minister where the help of your ministry is so much required? The questions now raised cannot be new to you if you have been rightly trained for your office. You must be able to say to him whom you would influence, I know what these perplexities mean. I can point the way to solve them.’

This is admirable. The further discussion of this most interesting question leads the Bishop to many observations upon the spirit of free inquiry in the mind of the ordained man, and its limitations; and with great wisdom he avows his impression that legal prosecutions and judicial proceedings will do little to preserve the orthodoxy of the clergy. He is no doubt right: at the same time we could have wished that he had more unequivocally expressed his conviction that for free inquiry to have inquiry, the inquirers should be really free. As it is, the Church of England no doubt has been a grand mistress of endowments which have really been used to spread and propagate error and the most noisome heresy. Books like Dr. Colenso’s, or the ‘*Essays and Reviews*,’ would have had no weight upon the world of thought but for the position of the authors as clergymen. The emanation of the volumes from the studies of dignitaries of the Establishment, provides a whispering gallery by which the voice obtains an echo. And in this Charge of the Bishop, admirable as it is, nothing is more affecting and remarkable than the tenderness with which he would administer subscription. ‘He would relax rather than tighten the bond.’ There ‘must be a generous confiding policy’ in this respect in dealing with candidates for ordination. Meantime the girth of ritualism is to be as tight as ever. He says,—

‘I have already alluded above to the argument in favour of a relaxation, derived from the danger of offending tender consciences amongst our own people, and deterring some of the best of them from binding themselves by the obligations of the ministry. If there be really the additional reason now advanced for a revision of our terms of subscription, the subject certainly demands most grave consideration, and I doubt not will—I trust, soon—receive it both from the Bishops and from other members of the legislature.’

But while this is the case, the Bishop protests, we may say vehemently, against any liturgical revision. Not one of those offensive paragraphs, not one of those credenda which flatter, foster, and nourish papistry in our midst, on the one hand,

or superstition on the other, is to be touched. We can only conceive that the result of the method so earnestly advocated by the Bishop, will be to crowd the pulpits and altars of the Church with men from whom will be lifted the very last possibility of reserve. Every adverse sentiment will then find there its utterance and its home.

Who wonders that we dissent? Why, what have the publications of Churchmen revealed to us during the past year? In his theological manifesto in his 'Tract for Priests and People,' Mr. Langley expressly builds his attachment to the Church of England—an attachment associated in his mind with a necessary insolence to Dissent—upon the Universalism in the Church; that its essential doctrine is salvation for all and sundry upon whom the rite of baptism has been performed. The very foundation of his allegiance to the Church, is its denial of the doctrine of regeneration excepting as baptism the rite is regeneration. Let it be distinctly understood that we are Dissenters; among other things because the teaching of the Establishment is in many particulars as absolutely superstitious as the teaching of the Church of Rome. We refer to the Bampton Lectures of Archdeacon Sandford. And be it remembered, the Archdeacon is an *evangelical* clergyman. Whatever that epithet may mean, so many claim it now that we have lost the soundings of the word.

'In like manner, with the Holy Sacraments. The Church maintains that they are the means of manifesting to us the mind and life of God, and making us, through the incarnation, partakers of the Divine nature: that "they be certain sure witnesses, and effectual signs of grace and God's good will towards us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in him:" that they are rounds of the ladder reaching up to heaven, upon which the angels ascend and descend, while the Lord stands above it.

'*Baptism, we are taught, is the bath and grave of sin, in which the soul is both cleansed and vivified*, and through the Holy Ghost participates in Christ's atoning blood and resurrection power; "whereby, as by an instrument, they that receive it rightly are grafted into the Church; and the promises of the forgiveness of sins, and of our adoption to be the sons of God by the Holy Ghost, are visibly signed and sealed."

'The Supper of the Lord, we are taught, is "a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death: insomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith, receive the same, the Bread which we break is a partaking of the Body of Christ; and likewise the Cup of Blessing is a partaking of the Blood of Christ." In it "we eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ, we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us."

As Churchmen we embrace without controversy this great mystery of godliness; we believe that it conveys God to us, and incorporates us with himself; that in it "our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." We neither say with Nicodemus, "How shall these things be?" nor with them of Capernaum, "Can this man give us his flesh to eat?" We do not question, when we should rejoice,—or cavil, when we should adore.'

The Archdeacon also says, quoting the testimonies with admiration,—

'The effects of baptism when rightly administered and received is thus described by Dr. Heurtley in his volume of Bampton Lectures on Justification, delivered in 1845: "*From that moment, he, who before was spoken of as a subject of Satan's kingdom, as dead in trespasses and sins, as having no part or lot in Christ, is regarded as regenerate, and grafted into the body of Christ's Church, as washed from all his guilt and sanctified by the indwelling of God's Spirit, who has now vouchsafed to take up his abode in him.*" The following passage from Bede, quoted by Jer. Taylor, "Works," vol. ii. p. 243, is given in a note in the same work: "*The catechumen descends into the font a sinner, he arises purified; he goes down the son of death, he comes up the son of the resurrection; he enters in the son of folly and prevarication, he returns the son of reconciliation; he stoops down the child of wrath, and ascends the heir of mercy; he was the child of the devil, and now he is the servant and the son of God.*"'

There can be no doubt this is the doctrine and teaching of the Establishment. We do not discuss or dispute the doctrines here. These doctrines all clergymen teach. Of course the Bishop would not touch a word affecting the place or prominence of these words in liturgic ministrations or catechetical instructions. Our talk about unity of sentiment with the teachings of the Establishment is folly: we have no such unity. So also another most dangerous and dreadful heresy is that of apostolical succession. Archdeacon Sandford says again in the Lecture we have quoted,—

'It is unquestionably the doctrine of our Church, that our Bishops are the successors of the Apostles; that our Priests are the representatives of those on whom any of the Twelve laid holy hands; that our Deacons exercise an office equivalent to that possessed by the earliest Seven.'

These are the doctrines, and the Bishop would not touch a letter or a fringe upon these sacred phylacteries. We do not blame him: he is in his chair to administer his own convictions, and to convictions like his own, not ours. But these being essential convictions in the Church of England, can there be any wonder that Dissent exists and spreads? And can there be any wonder that Dissenters should seek to propagate their con-

victions of the unscriptural character of creeds like those to which we have referred?

Our views as descendants of the great Puritan teachers, nay, our views as descendants of the Saviour and his apostles, stand in immediate contradiction to these most latitudinarian, priestly, and dangerous teachings. And hence the bitter hatred and animus called forth in the souls of the clergy by the Bicentenary year. Our conviction of the duty of our ministers and churches is clearly to build up the interests of our own churches; to maintain our individual spiritual life; and to enhance the interests of our churches, and to increase their number, and to extend their influence. Of one thing we may be certain, that clergymen in general, and members of the Establishment in general, regard us, our ministry, and our denominations with contempt. Canon Stanley, in his 'Exposition of the Corinthians,' does us the honour, indeed, to say that the power of the foolishness of preaching is 'testified by some of the least cultivated intellects of later times, as amongst our own Nonconformists.' Clergymen like to think that ignorance and Dissent are synonymous in meaning, and the long galleries of great names which line our library shelves produce no impression to the contrary on their minds. Let us draw away from those who will invariably regard our company as distasteful, and more sacredly than ever seek to build our people in our principles, and make them strong by the bread of life. We know the singular divorce from all Dissenting company and communion proclaimed by Dr. Miller, of Birmingham. This is, however, not surprising, 'as he was once an Independent, and we believe a member of Dr. Morrison's Trevor Chapel, of Brompton. At a meeting of the Town Mission of Brighton the other day, a clergyman apologized for presenting himself, in the Bicentenary year, on a platform with Dissenters. In the same town one of the most holy and excellent of the clergy, almost the only one who has ever had any sympathy with evangelical Dissenters, avows his doubts as to how far he dare sympathize, or take part with Dissenters, in the Evangelical Alliance Week of United Prayer. On all hands we hear of the grievous insult offered to the Church by the celebration of the Bicentenary. We wish that some hand would gather together testimonies of another description, like the following pleasant morsel, for instance, which we take to express the impressions of many thousands, not merely of the ministers of the Establishment, but of the laity also. On the Bicentenary Sabbath, at St. John's Church, Leen Side, near Nottingham, the Rev. T. Hancock, a minister recently ordained by the Bishop of Oxford, occupied the pulpit in the morning, and preached

from Nehemiah v. 13: '*So God shake out every man from his house, and from his labour, that performeth not this promise, even thus be he shaken out and emptied.*' The rev. gentleman remarked, that by the ejection of the Puritans 200 years ago, the redemption wrought out by the Son of God and the Son of Man was declared to be the redemption of the whole human race. On that day the Gospel was restored beneficially to the country. The Church was liberated from nearly twenty years of State tyranny and control; liberty of conscience was given back to the Christian laity; and the hope and possibility of Catholic unity was re-awakened in the Church of England. The great body of Englishmen lifted up no cry of distress and no cry of anger when the Puritans were cast from their cures. Parties and sections were suffering, but the nation was glad. The great body of our countrymen rejoiced because they were delivered from the delusions of the Puritans. *After a bitter experience of twenty years, our fathers found that Puritanism contained no hope for men as members of the human race, as citizens of a nation, or as baptized children of the earth.* The ejection of the Puritans was a declaration of the sanctity of the nation, that every child born amongst us had the same right to baptism as every child born amongst the Jews had to circumcision. So long as Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and Independents held their cures, the nation was robbed of its ancient holidays. It was made a sin by Puritan theologians to observe Christmas: men were actually punished by law for being joyful in God on Christ's birthday. The ejection of the Puritans brought home to every Englishman a most complete liberation from hard and cruel ordinances. The preacher next proceeded to argue that the ejection of the Puritans was also a happy deliverance of the State; that the sermons of the Puritan preachers, and the carrying out of the Puritan principles, had overturned the ancient constitution of the country. It was contended by the preacher *that the Puritans endeavoured to establish what we now saw was being brought forth in North America—liberty side by side with real and hopeless slavery.* The conscientious belief of Christian men was put down by force, because they happened to differ in opinion from the Puritans. *Their message was, 'You are nearly all of you children of the devil. You may be good citizens, competent subjects, wise fathers, loving husbands, industrious workmen, honest tradesmen, brave soldiers, and you may do your duty in that station of life in which it has pleased God to call you; but unless you are able to be educated by us as the truly converted, unless you become members of the religion we are of, unless you come out*

of your own Christian congregation into another Church, your baptism and prayers are but mockeries, *and you are mere children of the devil.*' This, observed the preacher, was the message of the Puritans during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. On the part of the English Church, the ejection of the Puritans was a plain confession that King, Lords, and Commons had no power at all to make a Church. For many years English statesmen had been planning to make a new Church of England. In 1641 they began recklessly to pull to pieces the ancient house of God. They began to build, but were not able to finish, and Presbyterianism and Independency were left half built. The members of the Long Parliament, and those of the short-lived powers which followed, took upon themselves authority far above that which even many of the Popes had not dared to assume; and by mere parliamentary and State rule, Presbyterians and Independents held the cures of the Catholic Church of England, whilst the most faithful of the clergy were themselves the most persecuted. The ejection of the Puritans (contended the rev. gentleman) was the delivery of the Christian people from the tyranny of ministers and preachers. What was the yoke which the Act of Uniformity laid upon Puritan teachers? It was the heavy yoke of declaring the love of God to men, of declaring that he had reconciled himself to them, and of speaking to the Christian people as the sons and daughters of God. The Independents of our day were talking loudly about the rights of the Christian people; but if they had not been ejected from the cures of the English Church, the people of this day would have no Christian rights at all; for our Christian rights were those which our baptism declared them to be; namely, that we were God's children, and not the devil's. The preacher, in conclusion, spoke of the hope which the ejection of the Puritans gave of the entire unity of Christian men.

Archdeacon Sandford, in the Bampton Lecture, says,—

'Of these obstructions Dissent is amongst the foremost. It impedes the conscientious and earnest-minded pastor. It undermines his influence and counteracts his ministrations every day. It furnishes a rallying point for the disaffected and the self-willed in all our parishes. It is a snare to both pastor and people,—tempting the one to conceal or compromise his Church's creed, to lower its standard and ignore its rule,—exposing him to charges of unfaithfulness if conciliatory, and of bigotry if rigid;—while it tends to beget in parishioners an indifference to truth. And though it must be met, like all other hindrances, in the spirit of the Gospel, it is not less to be deplored. It has wrought, and is working vast and exten-

sive evil, and imperilling to a fearful extent the faith, the loyalty, and the moral and religious life of our people. Multitudes amongst us feel and deplore this, though they may be unwilling openly to avow it.'

The Rev. J. C. Ryle, the well-known evangelical Tractarian, says,—

'Beware, I beseech you, of that tribe of men who would fain persuade you to leave the Church of England and separate from her communion. I say, solemnly and affectionately—of all such men—I warn you to beware. Listen not to them. Have no friendship with them. Avoid them. Turn from them. Pass away.'

The Rev. J. W. Brooks, vicar of Clarborough, Retford says,—

'The character of *Dissent* is, alas, within these few years become fearfully identified in its political actings with the Papal beast on the one hand, and with the liberal infidel beast on the other; and if the Scriptural view which is now about to be brought forward, should be the means of startling some and leading them to get up from the tents of those wicked men, and touch nothing of theirs lest they be consumed in all their sins, I shall have reason to be thankful.'

We quite believe that these quotations fairly represent the estimate formed of Nonconformist ministers and churches within the enclosure of the Establishment; and these views are held by men who, of course, are in the very nature of things that which they abhor in Dissenters—political ministers. How can a man be a minister of the Church of England, and not be a political vehicle? One of the wildest of all ideas is that put forth by the 'Quarterly Review,' in its article on the Bicentenary, that the whole movement originates in the desire for comprehension. The Bishop of London, in his Charge, understands the matter better when he says,—

'Those who are separated from us have their traditions—sometimes of two hundred years' standing—their close associations one with another—their inherited and acquired prejudices, very difficult to overcome. Many interests of all kinds have grown up around their communities, from the influence of which it is difficult for them to free themselves. All these things are against any migration on a large scale from their ranks to ours. We must remember, that it is very difficult to win over an antagonist, very easy to distress and alienate a friend.'

It will be seen by some of our quotations, and especially by the pamphlet to which we have referred on 'The sufferings of the Church,' that many clergymen affect to regard themselves as persecuted by Nonconformists, and especially by the Bicentenary movement. The 'Two Clergymen' shriek and scream

like insane men about persecution. The case of old simply was, that the Church of England hung, and burnt, and thumscrewed, and shot, and then, when some regulation upperhand is gained, she screams Persecution like a Billingsgate fishwoman crying Murder. This will seem to some strong language. We commend to our readers' notice the wretched farrago of rubbish of the 'Two Clergymen.' The object is indeed to prove, that during the Protectorate 'the persecutions were, in many respects, worse than under Queen Mary,' and that 'the greatest traitors to England came not from Rome but Geneva.' A great deal is said about schism. We wonder the men dare write the word schism! It is schism to cast a man out of the Church on earth and in heaven because he refuses to dance round a Sabbath maypole; for in this, among other things, originated Dissent. But we dwell perhaps too lengthily on these disagreeable particulars. In one word, however, 'Church Questions' have assumed an aspect of great interest, and we do not wonder that Dr. Parker has attempted to group together the circumstances of 1862. In a single rapid glance, the work might have been far more comprehensive. The volume is a series of lectures, and it partakes too much of the lecturer's tone. It wants what all Dr. Parker's composition wants, simplicity and directness. He should break his sentences into several pieces, and so adopt a less ambitious and turgid style. Here, for instance, are his remarks on the Rev. Mr. Davis's pamphlet, 'Common Prayer and Common Sense : ' —

'Mr. Davis has evidently been at considerable pains in elaborating the illustration. It does not blaze suddenly upon us as a coruscation of inflamed and enraptured genius, but is rather to be compared to an edifice carefully and patiently erected.'

So also in the following tones of warning to the Church :—

'The principles of moral government are immutable. The play of cause and effect is for ever determined. With the history of nations in our hand, we are not presumptuous in lifting up the voice of warning in the hearing of the English Church. Corruption provokes vengeance. Guard that corruption as you may, surround it with circles of royalty, bands of fabled wealth, environs of genius, eloquence, and erudition, clad in purple and ermine, yet the bolt of the angry heavens will smite it with death. Who can stay the hand of the Lord? Did he not make Pathros desolate, and set fire in Zoan? Did he not darken the day at Tehaphnehes, and break the arm of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, that it should not be bound up to be healed? Can he not employ the pricking brier and the grieving thorn in the service of his righteous wrath? Was not the Assyrian like a cedar of Lebanon, with fair branches and with

a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, yet upon his ruin all the fowls of the heaven remained, and all the beasts of the field upon his branches! Was not Og, king of Bashan, high as the cedars and strong as the oaks, and yet his power was withered up for ever! Are we to forget these things? Is God no longer interested in the affairs of man? Is he not the same as when he punished Israel for selling the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes? Our hope is in the Lord. Corruption in doctrine and practice shall not always go unpunished. The avenger shall come up as clouds, and his chariots shall be as a whirlwind, and his horses swifter than eagles! The voice that rang in the palaces at Ashdod, and in the palaces of the land of Egypt, shall peal through the quivering arches of our corrupt Establishment, for the Lord loveth equity, and mercy, and holiness. The Lord will smite the winter house with the summer house, and the houses of ivory shall perish, and the great houses shall have an end! It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. Weary, weary, are the long watchings of the righteous for the coming of their King, but when he cometh his sword will be girded on his thigh. There are days of woe in store for the Establishment unless she repent quickly. My belief in this is as firm as is my belief in Christianity. The nation cannot much longer carry the intolerable burden: it is pressed under it as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves, and the Lord who hateth oppression will deliver the nation speedily. Men may shut their eyes to the signs of the times if they please, but the signs of the times are there, nevertheless! God is waving the signal from the heavens; it shall be a banner of love to the wise, but a streaming fire to those who have no understanding.'

But it is due now to Dr. Parker to say that he discusses in the course of the volume the several questions of interest. The style is, however, too entirely rhetorical. The following is pertinent; but why not use words more nimbly? Our excellent friend's style is always ponderous: his style marches, but—if he will forgive us for saying so—it is a clumsy march; it is unwieldy and unnatural.

'As to a church being for the good of the nation, and every man being consequently taxed for its support whether he attend it or not, it does appear to me that such an argument is altogether untenable. The Great Northern Railway is no doubt for the good of the nation, but if I have special reasons for travelling to London by the North-Western, I protest against the Great Northern demanding a fare of me on the plea (notwithstanding its perfect accuracy as to fact) that I *might* have travelled by it, and that it exists for the good of the nation. And if it were possible for the Great Northern to obtain an Act of Parliament by which it could *force* all travellers to pay its demands, whether they availed themselves of its services or not, the circumstance would be justly regarded as a huge

oppression, and every effort be exerted to abolish the absurd and odious monopoly. So with any religious body by law established.'

We will present to our readers one other quotation, somewhat dissenting from it.

'The Liberation Society is the very heart of political Nonconformity. It throbs with the constancy of vigorous life, propelling vital power throughout all the ramifications of the ecclesiastical body. The Society is indispensable to the consolidation, defence, and advancement of Nonconformity. It is ever on the alert. It has taken its bold stand at the threshold of the Senate, and watched with loving interest the changeful fortunes of religious liberty; and whenever unholy hands have threatened to do her violence, the Society has uttered an awakening cry which has summoned loyal legions to her aid. Nonconformists can never fully estimate their obligations to this great Society. It is of incalculable importance to have trained eyes, trained hands, trained hearts, perpetually engaged in the service of religious liberty; and such servants could not be had except through such organization. Of what consequence is it that some of its leading members have been accused of using "violent" language in the maintenance of their opinions? In the first place, the Society is not responsible for the action of its individual members; and in the next, the word "violent" admits of so many interpretations that its true meaning is rather a question of temperament than of etymology. It is better to be violent than to be indifferent. *The questions embraced by the action of the Society so deeply involve the tenderest solitudes of the heart, that he who can speak with the lounging tameness of half-awakened mediocrity is unworthy of the honour of standing under the banner inscribed to Liberty and Progress. Let honour be rendered to any man whose programme is written legibly. The hieroglyphics of mystery are ever to be dreaded.* It is well when a man speaks out clearly, ringingly, piercingly. Bated breath is not to be taken for gentleness; murder may be concocted in whispers; a smile may wreath an assassin's cheek. This charge of violence, then, I regard as unreasonable, unmeaning, untenable. What anti-nonconformists have to do is not to complain of violence, but to overturn, by valid argument, the great *principles* on which the Society is founded; and until this is done, the Society must hold its head erect, and keep its manifold powers in unremitting exercise.

Now, without at present remarking on the doctrine of this exceedingly inflated passage, or on the structure of the passage itself, which may stand as a perfect miracle of bad taste in composition, we are desirous of saying this: We would by no means forget that, as Nonconformists, we are citizens, yet neither would we have our ministers forget their higher vocations in political agitations and strifes. We greatly fear there is

danger of this. *In no sense will it ever pay.* Certainly, let us attempt to bring about the reign of justice. We smile while the Bishop of London tells us that Church-rates are the last remaining grievance oppressing Nonconformists. So far from this, the name of our grievances is legion still, and we shall never be able to work with thorough efficiency for the Lord till these grievances are removed; but our work is higher and deeper. We are losing in the march, notwithstanding the concession made by the Bishop that the Established Church is at best but semi-national, and that the power of Nonconformists tells especially over the Establishment in Sabbath schools: we are losing in the march because we are less spiritual than we were of old; we are more mechanical, more literary, *and more political.* Our lesson for this year is, that we learn to withdraw within our own circle; and be it ours to draw more closely our people around us; be it ours to study the economy of our polity and our varied instrumentalities. We must be vigilant, too. In wealth we cannot compete with the Establishment. It has the pomp of coronets, and stars, and garters; it has amazing municipalities and endowments; it has comparatively at its feet the wealth of the nation; but there are things mightier than the wealth of vast estates and endowments. It has 17,000 clergymen; but there are men far mightier than these. We must aim to revive our dying convictions; we must aim to bring back the distinctive lines of the grand old Puritan theology; we must aim to sustain our poorer brethren in the ministry; we must aim to give a fairer equality to their incomes; we must aim to create some literature that may more efficiently serve us; and especially we may commend to our ministers the following words of the Bishop whose Charge we have already quoted so lengthily:—

‘A man who works very well and carefully in any one spot of Christ’s vineyard, will find that the influence of his good example spreads wonderfully. What a blessing, in any neighbourhood, is a single well-worked parish. And a well-trained and instructed congregation in the centre of a parish, having their duties and means of influence forcibly set before them, will be certain to affect a large circle beyond of those who do not frequent the church. There was a time certainly when the clergy neglected their parishes in thinking only of their congregations. I would have them neglect neither. But that you may have wide influence, strive to make it deep. However vast be the size of your parish, labour steadily with your congregation and your school. And if you have a small parish—say a City parish, and are contented, even at a loss of income, to make the effort to find some place where you may live in it, that you may be the real central moving power of your flock, be it great or very

small—then you enjoy great facilities for doing all your work thoroughly, serving your own people first, and benefiting indirectly many others.'

It cannot be too distinctly insisted that we need pastors—trained and educated pastors—and not less preachers, of course; and here we may say how admirable are the following words from this Charge, so full of wisdom and strength:—

'*a.* Obviously, if preaching be what this statement implies, it is out of the question for a man to preach other people's sermons, or even to form sermons for himself out of some dry digest of another's thoughts. If preaching is an ordinance of God, the preacher bears a message from God, and his announcement of it must have the living reality of being poured forth from his own heart, to which God has spoken it.

'*b.* I have used the word speech, not as discouraging the preacher from using a manuscript; only, whether written or directly spoken, the sermon is a speech. A man, certainly, to deal well with all the varieties of a large London parish, must be able, in the literal sense of the word, to speak freely, as well as to write and read these speeches. It will require a sound discretion to decide, in reference both to our own rhetorical powers, and the particular nature of the congregations we from time to time address, how we shall best approach them with that earnestness, point, and fulness of statement and illustration, and yet condensed force of words, which go to make up a really good sermon; whether, on each varying occasion, we shall be most likely to arrest the attention, touch the heart, instruct the judgment, and control the will, by a freely-spoken or a carefully-written discourse. A really good preacher must, I think, in our parishes, be equal to both tasks.

'*c.* There can be no good preaching without much careful preparation. If a preacher is at times to be called to speak to his people without any preparation (a task he will always eschew), it will be here as in other oratory; he can only speak well thus unprepared on an emergency, from his habitual careful preparation having given him a ready command both of thoughts and words. To study carefully the best models of old and of modern divines, to note their striking thoughts and phrases carefully and minutely, and prayerfully to examine Scripture, and fix it in the memory, marking the bearing of its teaching on the subjects we are likely to have to handle; this must be the clergyman's habitual work; and then each week to choose early the definite subject, look at it in all its bearings, turn it over in the mind, consider to whom it is we are to unfold it, and how, treating it briefly and tersely, or at greater length, we shall best win their attention, and make them profit by our teaching; searching the Scriptures again carefully, and turning to our work of preparation, with that prayer for right direction which a trembling sense of our own weakness and the importance of the issues that hang upon our due discharge of duty, must wring from a man of humble spirit.

This will be the distinct preparation for each separate discourse. A good man will not think it an easy matter to speak to the unlettered poor any more than to the educated, though the special sort of address suited for each may require a special preparation.

d. And then, when he reaches the pulpit, the preacher will endeavour to realize where he is—what he is come for—who are around him—how there, on the spot, he shall best deal with their intellects and hearts. There is great meaning in those few moments of private prayer by which the custom of the Church encourages us to recollect ourselves and ask God's help before we preach. He will be most likely to avoid being tedious and losing his hold upon his people, who, distinctly realizing the purpose of his coming before them, watches them as he proceeds, and is not so tied to his previous preparation as to be unable to enlarge or curtail as the occasion and auditory shall suggest. If all experience proves that eloquence resides partly in the ear of the hearer as well as in the tongue of the speaker—or is greatly dependent on that mysterious sympathy which causes the one to listen to the other's charm—certainly no preacher can afford to overlook the visible signs of the impression he is making on his hearers and to be influenced by it as he proceeds.

e. Again—and I shall obtrude no more advice on this subject—I would request the elder clergy to be careful that they do their best to enable their young assistants to learn by practice (the only effectual teacher) how to preach well. If reality is the life and soul of all good preaching, and we wish our young curates to be good preachers (and to help to train them in their work is the very condition on which we receive them on a title in the Diaconate)—if we wish them, I say, to learn to be good preachers, we shall seek occasions for their preaching when they may speak with reality and authority. It is not a bad plan to intrust some one service entirely to their responsibility. I have often pointed out to young men, at their ordination, that if they feel diffident, as they well may, of speaking with authority in their unripe age, and without experience, they should remember that they have many to address who are younger, less experienced, and far more ignorant than themselves. A young curate may well learn to preach effectively by habitually addressing specific congregations of young people. He will, perhaps, know better what to say to them even than his elders; and other stated congregations may be found of elder people whom, young as he is, he is entirely in his place in addressing. One thing I would especially deprecate: his being set to preach—which has, I believe, in former times, been too often the case—at some ill-frequented afternoon service, the very sight of the congregation at which is enough to chill him into awkwardness. It is cruelty to ask him to undertake as his chief duty what is either the most useless or the most difficult part of our parochial work. Indeed, with our teeming thousands, there ought to be no services at which we have scanty congregations. I cannot help thinking there is some fault on our parts if there are such. But, certainly, if we set our

curates to learn how to preach by addressing empty benches, they will probably learn their work so badly as to be likely to preach to empty benches as long as they live.'

Maintaining distinctly our own views, we must yet express our admiration and thankfulness for this able Charge of the excellent Bishop. We dissent from much in it; but it is so simple and wise, so manly and vigorous, so abreast of the times and the wants of his Church, despite of the shortcomings to which we have referred, that we can only hope it may be perused extensively, not only by ministers of the Establishment, but of every other body.
